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## Notes of the Week

THE Homeric conflict between the two self-appointed Nestors of national policy, Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Garvin, is a sight to make the gods smile. There can be no doubt that Lord Northcliffe has offered serious provocation to his antagonist by practically ignoring the lengthy pronouncements which the only living authority on national, political, military, ecclesiastical, and other topics has the equipment or the vocabulary to handle. When the oracle has spoken in words which we admit are sufficiently definite on the various topics to which we have referred, it is not difficult to realise that his gorge must rise when a former associate calmly overlooks the whole of his special fit-out, and adopts out of the depths of his ignorance a diametrically opposite view. Mr. Garvin has championed many causes in his time, and the complexion of his views has varied considerably according to his surroundings, but at all events of late years he has admitted no challenge that he is the one and only guide, philosopher and friend of Unionist prospects, and the *Times* and *Daily Mail* have indeed incurred the enmity of a redoubtable foe, of

unequalled staying-powers, when they flouted the identical views of the bifurcate personality who is six-sevenths *Pall Mall Gazette* and one-seventh *Observer*.

A sub-committee of the London County Council has just issued a report dealing with the books that children read. Andersen's and Grimm's fairy tales, it is pleasant to find, are still at the top of the list, but it is rather surprising to see "The Old Curiosity Shop" among the first nine in popularity—we should have thought the "Pickwick Papers" or "Nicholas Nickleby" sure of a high place, if Dickens was to be represented. What has become of Ballantyne, the boy's hero of twenty-five years ago? Unless "Coral Islands" means "The Coral Island," he has not a single book, though W. H. G. Kingston's "Peter the Whaler" is there—without the fascinating "Masterman Ready"! But what is "John Halifax, Gentleman" doing in this list of children's books? Scott, it seems, with the exception of "Ivanhoe," is declining in vogue—yet history and the historical novel are in increased demand. There is no rule, apparently, in the literary taste of a child, but quite evidently there is a gradual change in the course of each generation. We remember very clearly the fascination of the fairy-stories of E. Knatchbull-Hugessen (Lord Brabourne); but how rarely one hears of them now. And Jules Verne, with his romances which were given an impress of absolute truth by the skill with which he brought science to aid him—has he been deposed from the place of honour he used to hold? "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" has practically come true; so has "The Clipper of the Clouds"; it seems to us that boys neglect Jules Verne at the present time.

Counsels of perfection have recently been addressed by Professor Stephen Leacock to the members of the Montreal Branch of the Institute of Journalists. In this lecture, according to the *Montreal Weekly Witness*, we are glad to see that he opposed the idea of Schools of Journalism. "A university," he remarked, "could not teach journalism, but it could teach a great deal that a journalist might require to know—for instance a brief, workable, rational outline of English history and literature." Exactly—and we only wish every English press-man knew as much. Professor Leacock had made his name as a humorist, but his sense of humour does not dazzle his outlook upon that peculiar world where news, dressed and served—we would not say "cooked"—by experts in the knowledge of what the public wants, forms the chief method of money-making. He concluded by hoping that newspapermen "would be amongst those who tried never to lose from sight the artistic and æsthetic side of life." We hope so, too; but what says Fleet Street? How much time has the average journalist to spare for the silent, shadowy places where life is discovered to mean something more than the chase for "copy"?

## Goethe and Frederike

THE sun has set: fair hope with red and gold,  
 Purple and crimson, fading into grey,  
 Where the great clouds in their slow sweep enfold  
 Wreck of the visioned joy-irradiant day.  
 Ah! shattered so! the life that was to be  
 With music blended ever, part and part:  
 Yet stirs strange striving now in melody  
 To shrine the arrow that has pierced his heart.  
 Oh! what are woes, if woven into song,  
 Their bitterness in liquid sounds they leave?  
 Shall this outpouring in a dirge of wrong  
 Proclaim no anguish in the bosom's heave?  
 Yet say not that the poet's heart is stone:  
 He dreams his life, and wakes to song alone.

GILMOUR BEATON.

## Fealty

WHEN my Lady hath Pleasure and friends to spare,  
 And riot of roses strewed in her path of days,  
 And Laughter ringing carillons into the air,  
 She needs not me: I travel the lonely ways.  
 When my Lady hath Youth uplifting a song  
 Like the twitter of birds in a springtime hawthorn  
 bough,  
 And round her the notes of a merry-mad music throng,  
 She needs not me: my music is sad and low.  
 But when my Lady hath Sorrow to stress her heart,  
 And Pain brings up to her eyes the ghosts of Fear,  
 And music of Youth and laughter and joy depart,  
 Then she will need me: and lo! am I not here?  
 Here I stand at the gateway and vigil keep,  
 Waiting the summoning sob or the calling sigh;  
 Ready to stay her tears, should my Lady weep;  
 Happy if Sorrow for ever may pass her by.

BERNARD MOORE.

## The Parting of the Ways

"Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the aims thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

WITHIN a few weeks, a motion will be brought forward in the House of Lords to reject the Bill for conferring Home Rule on the two Irelands. Will that resolution be dealt with in a spirit of masterly finesse leading straight to disaster, or will the Unionist leader belie his recent past by daring all things that truth and justice may assert themselves? The question cannot be answered without misgiving.

The history of the assent to the Parliament Bill under a measure of compulsion which would have ruined any

party and any Ministry to have adopted is not an auspicious indication of unswerving purpose on the part of Lord Lansdowne. It is not, however, impossible that the small majority of seventeen peers which enabled the over-cautious leader to work his ill-starred will, have no intention of again participating in subserviency which is largely responsible for the fanciful programme on which the Government have embarked without any mandate from the constituencies. The House of Lords, in view of the Ministerial failure to redeem essential promises of constitutional reform, may well declare itself in a condition of suspended animation. As a debating society it may discuss the mass of ill-digested clauses which figures as a feat of statesmanship; it may expose the folly and the criminality of the Bill's tendencies, but has the House in view of the violation of every Ministerial pledge both of construction and procedure any valid ground for sharing in the perpetration of a fraud on the constituencies? We hold that such action on the part of the House of Lords would be *ultra vires*, and that the sole course open to the House is to hold Ministers—as in a vice—to the spirit and to the letter of their own declarations, which are incompatible with assent by the Lords to the Bill.

It may be, of course, that while Mr. Asquith remains in the Ministry no attempt would be made to have recourse to violent measures to controvert a position which is constitutionally sound. What guarantee have we, however, that Mr. Asquith contemplates prolonged retention of the office of Prime Minister? We say no more on that point now, but await early enlightenment.

With the passing of Mr. Asquith would disappear—in the appreciation of the rest of the Ministry—the binding force of the obligations of honour relative to reconstruction and decent legislative procedure which the present Prime Minister—not devoid of conscience—has acknowledged as the right of the Upper House.

In view of probable spoliation and outrage if further weakness is displayed, as well as the shame of appearing to bend before unscrupulous leaders of mercenary bands, it behoves, we think, the House of Lords now and ever to stand resolutely for the fulfilment of Mr. Asquith's pledges, and to accept no abatement of them, to reject every measure which is presented to them affecting the prerogative, the constitution, the Church or the franchise, so long as their own status remains undefined. To reject also Bills, largely unconsidered in the House of Commons, which are in effect thrown at them without due time being allowed for examination and amendment. Any Chamber which is presumed to possess legislative attributes must adopt a line of conduct such as is here sketched.

If violence is resorted to, it would be better to fall with dignity than to survive in contempt. Violence may always triumph for a period, but in the end men with the characteristics of Britons will devote their lives to the cause that never shall Scipio's ghost walk unavenged amongst them.

CECIL COWPER.



## REVIEWS

## The Rule and Line for Poetry

*English Epic and Heroic Poetry.* By W. MACNEILE DIXON, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)

THE application of scientific methods to literary criticism is one that will commend itself to all minds with a passion for order. Knowledge has become so vast that we seem to need a very careful and elaborate card-index system, with countless scholars busily employed in tabulating fresh discoveries as their announcement comes from what we may call the publishing tape machine. We have travelled a long way since Socrates gathered about him a few men of like interests and took pleasure in discussing virtue and destiny, much as modern stock-brokers meet at lunch to discuss golf and prices. And it is all to the good. Let the Jeremiahs continue to bewail the end of all things, as they will until the last trump. The intermediate stages of growth are invariably troublesome to the elderly; but all in due course self-consciousness awakes and begins to reap its own harvest. Synthesis is made, and the result in the human being is character—in the field of literature, works of art.

By all means let scientific knowledge put its house in order, so that we may have a new and greater synthesis in reward for that self-immolation which devotes to the life-time of one man the study of the leech's eye. The specialist is a necessary, but not an ideal type. We now want modern Dantes, and they can only be had when the processes yielding knowledge are distinguished from the results; when the essentials of all knowledge may again be compassed by a single mind.

The difficulty with regard to literary criticism is that it is not, and can never be made, scientific knowledge; because literary criticism truly deals, not with matter, but with that incalculable something we call spirit. Taste is the arbiter. And what is taste? A defiant quality in the face of the card-index system! Yet all works of art are judged by that indefinable essence as it exists in the best men. From it there is but one appeal: to Life itself. For if a work of art be in harmony with a life, greater and fuller than that of any living man, except its maker, neither the taste of the age in which it is made, nor the standards of past centuries, has power to condemn permanently such a work of art; but Life will, in its evolution, bring to birth a taste capable of appreciating whatever enhances Life's value. And the card-index system? It is hard put to it in the face of Life!

Such reflection seems to us natural when we consider the number of fresh pigeon-holes modern criticism is providing for English literature. Professor Macneile Dixon's book is the second of a new series entitled "The Channels of English Literature," the aim of which is "to trace the genesis and evolution of the various departments of English Literature." The obvious objection to this method is that literature does not evolve

in various departments; and in forcing the living, growing body into such channels—canals, would be more accurate—it has to be "broken up into its component parts, and these parts studied analytically." Something happens when the scientific method is so ruthless. The life of the subject usually goes out.

Professor Dixon had a rather thankless task; for of national epics worthy of the name, our language boasts but one—"Beowulf." As a graphic picture of the world of Northern Europe in pre-Christian times it is of course invaluable, but its interest to us is primarily historical, and it might have been written fifteen hundred years before, instead of after, Homer. "Paradise Lost" may be described as a classical epic, but there we are at an end. Naturally the author has allowed himself considerable licence, and his study becomes "a survey of our greater narrative poetry for a thousand years," excluding Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats.

As is usual with a book of this character, the historical part is by far the most satisfactory. Professor Dixon has vast stores of knowledge at his command, and he has made full use of them. Anyone wishing to study the subject from a purely historical standpoint may therefore be heartily recommended to this book. Arising out of the mass of traditional poetry found in the "Ballads," the epic came with national consciousness. Professor Dixon shows how it became associated with romance in Chaucer; how it was finally merged in "The Faerie Queene," to which he gives the name "Romantic Epic." He describes how, in Elizabethan times, national history provided the drama with some of its glories, and epic poetry with its early failures: how Milton's genius found epic scope, and to what depths would-be epic poetry descended with the prose era of the seventeenth century.

As soon as we leave the streams of historical fact we begin to come into troublous waters. Professor Dixon seems to have vague ideas as to the nature of poetry itself. "What is proper to itself," he says of poetry, "is the interest of unique expression." "In so far as poetry is an approximation to complete or perfect expression, Pope achieves it." "For what other purpose do we read poetry than to experience the unqualified delight of a perfect rendering? We may overlook in poetry, in any art, lack of depth, of intellectuality; lack of form we cannot overlook, for form is the artist's *métier*."

Such an open acceptance of dry bones for the living spirit prepares us for the discovery that Professor Dixon has a poor opinion of Spenser—who said "soul is form, and doth the body make"—and for such blunders as, "his (Byron's) imagination was limited by his experience"; or "the moral grandeur in which Southey outshines his contemporary somehow fails to communicate itself to his expression"; or even this, of Scott: "by virtue none the less of creative and imaginative gifts comparable to those of Shakespeare himself he belongs to that select company who have profoundly impressed and shaped the thought of the world, who deserve from each succeeding generation that their memory be honoured with

a festival, with incense and an ode." Which shows to what depths of rhetorical nonsense misplaced patriotism will betray even a professor.

This meaningless external standard, which Matthew Arnold swept aside when he said: "the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness . . . his (the poet's) application to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas 'On man, on nature, and on human life' which he has acquired *for himself*," leads the author to extol Scott and Byron above Shelley and Keats, until he comes to the dismal conclusion that "more and more the world seems impelled towards the theoretic, the interior . . . so that for the artist to escape from it seems for the present beyond hope." One gains the impression that the Professor is mildly displeased that the world should worry itself over any "riddles Thebes never knew."

The volume is nicely produced and is provided with an excellent index; but Wordsworth's definition of poetry is misquoted on page 253.

## Personality in the House

*Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons.* Written by the late Right Hon. SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, Bt., M.P. Edited by his son, SIR RICHARD CARNAC TEMPLE, Bt. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT was said of Lord Macaulay that he wrote his history towards the last at the same rate at which it was being enacted and consequently he would never have "caught up" to the "time within memory of men then living." Sir Richard Temple appears to have been almost as voluminous, for in a book of 522 pages he deals with two years only; momentous years, truly, but it is doubtful whether the sketches will be of much interest except to those who were intimately engaged in the scenes depicted.

Sir Richard Temple had been a distinguished Anglo-Indian official, and shared with Augustus Helder the distinction of being one of the two ugliest men in the House of Commons. Hence he was a godsend to the caricaturists and for that reason, among others, obtained a fame which he only partly deserved. He was continually in the public eye; *Punch* and the *Westminster Gazette* were always depicting his tooth-brush moustache and his Cyrano-like nose, whilst Frank Lockwood and Col. Sanderson were never tired of sketching him in all positions and distributing his portrait among their friends. He used to creep about the Lobbies, and was for ever writing in the recesses, and this volume is one of the results. He kept a private journal of four pages for each day and in addition illustrated it by character sketches of the leading politicians of the time and any other members who attracted his attention.

He produced in all eleven quarto MS. volumes, none of which was to be published in his life-time. When one realises that the present one contains only two-thirds of the first three some idea can be gained

of the magnitude of the work. If his son had not written an admirable introduction by way of explanation the book would have little interest for the general reader. On the other hand, it is a kind of Pepys' diary, from which future historians will cull bits to fill in their pictures. To record that someone made an excellent speech on the Irish Crimes Bill on one particular evening, or that Parnell was weak on the Tenants' Relief Bill on another, does not convey much to a reader twenty-six years later.

The character sketches are the best part of the book. Sir Richard evidently took great care to make them fair and as life-like as possible, but, alas, for the evanescence of human fame! many of the men he thought it worth while to describe have vanished into limbo. Who remembers Commander Bethel, G. B. Clark, Cobb, Julian Goldsmid, Stanley Leighton, J. M. Maclean, Paget, Picton, Roscoe, Wallace, or Woodall? Yet all these, and many others, are starred in his list of over 100.

The value of the work lies in the fact that his diary was kept every day and written, it is clear, whilst the events were actually proceeding. He was dotting down in his favourite alcove in the Lobby what was going on whilst the shouts were rising inside the House. The sketches are skilfully interspersed where most needed, and are divided in two parts. A man is described in 1886-1892 and his character and position is reviewed in 1892-1895.

The son has evidently produced the book with pious care, but we doubt if it can have a large circulation. It will be useful to editors, Parliamentary journalists and M.P.'s who are anxious to have a glimpse of the immediate past, but it has not the wit or the vivid lightning flash of "Toby, M.P.," in *Punch*; or "Behind the Speaker's Chair." On the other hand, we can strongly recommend it for the sketches of men who are still in public life. Sir Richard Temple has set down naught in malice; no one can object to a word in the book. The son writes: "I have not been faced with the necessity of omitting statements that it would be as well not to publish." This describes the book exactly; it was written for publication by a high-minded, conscientious gentleman, but it is a little heavy, a little too detailed, and therefore a little dull.

## Mr. Yeats' Poems

*Poems.* By W. B. YEATS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is discomfiting to see a poet, having won his way to a distinguished position, occupying his middle years with not much more than a careful revision of his early poems, just when we should expect him to display the maturity and strength of his powers. It contradicts our just expectancy of things. With Mr. Yeats, indeed, that contradiction is the more aggravating because rumours have been heard of a new play at which he has been working for many years, passing it through many ver-



sions. In the collected edition of his poems he declared that:

The friends that have it I do wrong  
When ever I remake a song,  
Should know what issue is at stake:  
It is myself that I remake.

To which of course the obvious retort is that one remakes oneself best in the discipline of newer work. We have collated the poems carefully with their previous editions, and it is undoubtedly a fact that they reflect Mr. Yeats of the year 1912, whereas the others neither could nor did. That is all. The plays, especially "The Land of Heart's Desire," are easier and gentler in movement. The more resolute characters are put into the background, and only those are favoured who lend themselves to simpler movements. Anyone who has followed Mr. Yeats' development will not need to be told that this is precisely what he desires. But it is not altogether a gain. Strength, and therewithal dramatic conviction, are lost. For example, in "The Land of Heart's Desire," the young husband interposes less on behalf of his wife, that necessary assistance being rendered by his father; and the result is that the solution loses half of its poignancy. Moreover, the changes that Mr. Yeats has introduced into this play in the wording of many lines he has retained, point to a partial eclipse of his faith in the spirits of the earth, whose presence meant so much to him at an earlier time. It is unfair to depend only on a single indication; but that is all that is possible in a review such as this. Therefore one of the many slight touches may be given. Shawn Bruin used to say:—

This is May Eve, too,  
When the good people post about the world,  
And surely one may think of them to-night.

Now it is Maurteen who says:

And maybe it is natural upon May Eve  
To dream of the good People.

The same speech used to conclude:

Remember, they may steal new-married brides  
After the fall of twilight on May Eve.

To this there is now added:

Or what old women mutter at the fire  
Is but a pack of lies.

This last may be a difference in dramatic tension only; in which case, when the change in the speaker be remembered, from the husband to the father-in-law, it must seem a weaker, however much a more equable, tension.

In speaking thus of this book we speak as lovers of Mr. Yeats' poems. In spite of all changes for the worse, as it seems to us, the changes for the better predominate. At least they are more in the spirit of the author's work, which is rather a dream-mood than a dramatic strength. But, even though this be, they do not compensate for the lack of newer work. This volume, in its old or new form, shows him to be the poet of a very rare and

delicate art, if not of a very universal or essential vision. That art, we may mention, is not helped by replacing the excellent Irish spelling of Oisín for the more phonetic *Usheen*—which still is very far from phonetic. We do not think there are many who possess the old volume who will also purchase the new. But in a day when his fame as a poet has a wider significance the new edition should find him many fresh readers.

## A Century of Orchestral Music

*History of the Philharmonic Society of London, 1813-1912.* Compiled by MILES BIRKET FOSTER, F.R.A.M. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

THAT the Philharmonic Society should give to the world a record of its work during the hundred years since its foundation is very proper. An industrious compiler has been found in Mr. Myles Birket Foster; but though we may congratulate him on his industry, we cannot compliment him on the purity of his style, or on the taste which has led him to give his personal opinions as to the merit or demerit of many artists who have performed at the Society's concerts, and of compositions which have been heard under its auspices. It may be true that in a programme which contained specimens of Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Wagner, Liszt, and MacKenzie, "a Haydn symphony came as an oasis in the desert of percussion and formlessness, and gladdened the era (ear?) with its breath of simple life and innocent joyfulness," but it was not necessary to tell the truth in such a fashion. It may also be the case that "a finer conductor than Mr. Willem Mengelberg has never visited this country," but it is not desirable that the grave historian of a venerable Society should thus proclaim the superiority of one of its most recent artists.

The various changes in the predilections of the Society's directors are highly interesting, as showing what the musical public must be supposed to have liked from 1812 to 1912. Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven were for several years the principal divinities of the Philharmonic Society. Bach's name appears in 1813 and 1814, but not again until 1845. Cherubini was in favour, and the names of Cimarosa, Romberg, Paer, Hummel, Winter, not infrequently appear. Handel was not apparently in fashion at the Philharmonic. When Spohr and Rossini, Weber and Mendelssohn were popular, a great deal was made of them. Their vogue seems to have been almost as great as that of Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, and Elgar has been in more recent times. But the Society has never at any time neglected the great works of its chief god, Beethoven, whose bust was presented to it by Frau Linzbauer in 1871.

The story of the Choral Symphony which was composed for the Philharmonic Society, and that of the succour sent to the dying genius, are imperishable pages in the annals of British—we hope we may say of the world's—music. The Society has a most honourable

record of composers sought out and honoured, of works brought to a hearing. It has made its mistakes, but they have been as dust in the balance compared with the good work accomplished. It was not the fault of the Philharmonic Society, when it called Wagner to its conductor's seat in 1855, that the public would have none of him. A tribute is due to Sir Frederic Cowen for his championship of Cesar Franck, and to the directors generally in more recent years for their readiness to produce new works, especially those of British composers whose popularity was not great in their own country. The Society has passed through more than one critical period, when a collapse seemed inevitable. But its storms have been weathered. We trust that all who rejoice in the great work that the Society has accomplished in the past, who can sympathise with its noble traditions, will heartily subscribe to Mr. Foster's warmhearted exclamation: "Phoenix-like, the old Society rose from its ashes, and, should it fall into difficulties, it will do so again. It was established, not for gain, but for artistic advancement. *Floreat!*" We should add that the book is completed by a full and carefully drawn up index which greatly enhances its value.

### Through Shen-Kan

*Through Shên-Kan. The Account of the Clark Expedition in North China, 1908-9.* By ROBERT STERLING CLARK and ARTHUR DE C. SOWERBY. Edited by MAJOR C. H. CHEPMELL. With Maps and Illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)

THE aim of the authors of this sumptuously produced book is "to carry the imagination of the general reader—by pen, brush, and film—into the very heart of the Celestial Empire; and, further, to set down with accuracy, and in as comprehensive a way as possible, such facts and figures as may form a solid basis for the future explorer in North China."

The general reader, while appreciating the compliment paid to his intelligence, will not find very much to interest him in a volume that appeals almost exclusively to the specialist. Out of the 239 large pages, 161 are devoted to Mr. Sowerby's biological work; his studies of the birds, reptiles, batrachians, and fishes; his meteorological report and his geological notes; while Mr. R. S. Clark deals with the survey work. These learned pages also include a copious appendix, which is, for the most part, an amplification of the above subjects, together with a diary of meteorological observations. The volume contains a number of excellent photographs and facsimiles of Mr. Sowerby's very pleasing water-colour drawings, while the large folding map tucked away in a pocket at the end of the book is one of the best of its kind we have seen, and gives the student a clear idea of the route taken by these explorers.

As the authors observe, "China is once again fixing the attention of all Western peoples." But it must be admitted that the general reader, at any rate, is more

particularly interested at the present moment in the Celestial Kingdom's finance, and in watching the result of her recent revolution, than in following the work of explorers intent on throwing light on her ancient monuments, her physical geography, and her wealth of animal and insect life.

Six centuries ago, Marco Polo returned from a long sojourn in the East. He came back to Europe with such wonderful tales, so wild and so fantastic that they seemed incredible, and most especially remarkable were his stories of the Grand Khan. "It is related," writes Mr. Clark, "that on his death-bed the Venetian traveller was adjured to recant his narrative. But he remained firm; succeeding years have steadily piled up an overwhelming weight of testimony to his truthfulness." Numerous travellers and scholars have made great discoveries in China, and yet how little we know of far-reaching Cathay, which remains to this day "a paradox of barbarism and civilisation." We do not know, with any degree of completeness, the Chinese people, neither have we wrested from their classics "all the secrets of that dim past." We look upon the Yellow Emperor as a being half-mythical, half-historical, veiled in the wonder of romance. A veil, no less heavy and no less enchanting, hides, or partially conceals, almost every phase of the Land of the Blue Gown.

The Clark Expedition through Shansi, Shensi, and Kansu extended over a period of eighteen months, and the distance travelled, from T'ai-yüan Fu to Lan-Chou-Fu, was about two thousand miles. The principals of the exploring party, apart from Mr. Clark, included Captain H. E. M. Douglas (doctor and meteorologist), H. B. Cobb (artist), G. A. Grant (interpreter and general manager), A. de C. Sowerby (naturalist), and Hazrat Ali (surveyor). Hazrat Ali, a good Mussulman and a native of the Punjab, was an expert draughtsman, thanks to his fifteen years' experience of survey work in the Army. We find him measuring a "base line," preparing his "plane-tabling," and performing his duties with zest and accuracy. Hazrat Ali, however, was Winkle-like in his ignorance of the laws of sport. On one occasion he ignored the clever manœuvres of Clark, Grant, and Sowerby, who desired to come upon some ducks "under cover of a high bank," and opened fire on his own account. Mr. Clark generously remarks: "He was, nevertheless, an excellent pot-filler, which is, after all, a very useful attribute on an expedition of this nature." The familiar Oriental expression, "May your shadow never grow less," was destined not to be fulfilled in the case of this excellent Mussulman. While surveying one of the high peaks about six miles to the east of the village of Ma-chia-k'ou, he was murdered, without the least provocation, by Chinese peasants. Mr. Clark writes: "How bitterly we all regret the loss of one who was ever a faithful friend and a devoted worker, it is impossible to say."

At Hsi-an the travellers saw the hot springs of that district, and the large baths "attributed to the famous K'ang-hsi." Here, too, they gazed upon "a beautiful lake planted with lotus-lilies and full of fish, its sides



steep and overhung with masses of yellow jessamine. In the centre of the lake stands a pretty T'ing-tzu, or summer-house. . . . The grounds are planted with flowering shrubs and stately trees; and the clear, placid lake, its surface faithfully reflecting summer-house, trees, and a wealth of golden flowers, presents an entrancing picture." It was among such charming scenes that K'ang-hsi disposed himself, while his queen and her court made merry in an adjoining compound.

On the Hsi-an plain are hundreds of mounds forming "a veritable royal cemetery." Among these mounds is the burial-place of Shih Huang-ti, famous as the builder of the Great Wall, and infamous for having attempted to destroy all Chinese books, with the exception of those dealing with agriculture, medicine, and methods of foretelling the future. The author describes the burial-place of the First Emperor as a mound "resembling a bell-tent, much depressed, instead of a camel's hump." This description may be perfectly accurate, but it does not tally with the account given by a great Chinese historian of the fourth century, who states that the First Emperor was buried in Mount Li, which in no way suggests a modest mound. Mr. Clark dismisses the legend connected with this tomb all too briefly. The historian to whom we have referred has written a very graphic account of the proceedings. Mention is made of cunningly contrived crossbows, which would discharge their arrows if anyone dared to enter the tomb, and there is a reference to rivers of quicksilver made to flow by machinery.

We conclude this interesting and valuable account of exploration in the country to the south of the great Ordos Desert by quoting the following passage:—

Along the streams were to be seen two kinds of kingfisher, their radiant colours flashing in the sunlight, as they dived after minnows in the limpid waters, or darted like living gems along the rocky banks. Over these watercourses, too, hung countless dragon-flies of every description. Big pale fellows, with wonderful translucent eyes, hovered high in the air, darting down, ever and anon, to devour one of their smaller relations. Skimming over the rippling surface of the water were others of a slaty blue colour. Here a streak of vivid crimson marked the passage of the beautiful male of yet another species; and there, settled upon a rock—her wings outspread to get the full benefit of the sun's warm rays—sat his little brown mate.

## Shorter Reviews

*The Sea and the Jungle.* By H. M. TOMLINSON. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

SO vividly does the author of this book recount his experiences on a tramp steamer voyage across to Para and into the heart of nowhere that it is difficult, on laying the book aside, to realise that one is still in the world of everyday, conventional things. From the time of

leaving Cardiff until the skipper sights the Brazil coast—and thereby saves the pound of tobacco which he promised to the member of the crew who should first sight land—the feel of deep water is about us, and the smell of the sea, for Mr. Tomlinson gives us a real ship with real sailors, on a very real voyage, and we enter the Amazon mouth with him regretting that this phase of the journey is ended.

Yet there are greater wonders ahead, and the regret is only transient. We get a sense of the impossibility of realising the might of the Amazon, and a thousand miles or so up that great waterway we turn off into the Madeira River and nose a way up to Porto Velho, where man, that audacious little being, has begun a fight against such giant, elemental forces as we in settled countries can scarcely comprehend. There have been few enterprises in commercial history as greatly daring as this Madeira-Mamoré Railway, a mere 260 miles of line pushing slowly to completion through country where, as the saying has it, every sleeper means a life, in order that the wealth of Eastern Bolivian produce may find an outlet to the markets of the civilised world.

We question with the author—who infects us with his own point of view by the manner of his writing—whether this wonderful little railway will ever repay what it has cost in lives. Practically and commercially, it is worth all that can be put into it, but—the complexity of the question moves us to leave it unasked, remembering that the world's best achievements are founded on lives, given freely. And the cheery crowd that faces death from fever and a hundred other tropical ills in this work is facing it open-eyed, at least; if the members of that crowd leave their bones in the fine cemetery that "grows well" at Porto Velho—well, they know the risk.

Mr. Tomlinson tells us more of the men and their surroundings than of the work. He paints us wonderfully realistic pictures of the terrible jungle of Brazil, that unsurveyed world of gloom and stillness and heat; coal in the making, if ever the changing ages of earth fling Brazil from sight before man clears the forests away and plants the land after his ordered fashion. He retells us uncanny sailor stories, threading them together with the personalities of their tellers and the realities of his wanderings; he fascinates, compels, and leaves us regretful when he arrives—all too soon—at Paddington. We feel that we are back again in the hub which moves such spokes as that far-off railway, and, most of all, we feel reluctant to return to the drab of life after the vivid colour of such a voyage.

*The Bishops of Scotland.* By the late RIGHT REVEREND JOHN DOWDEN, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. (James Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow. 12s. 6d. net.)

BISHOP DOWDEN, in relation to Scottish Ecclesiastical History, occupied much the same position as the late Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, in England. He was a great scholar, of indefatigable research. This work consists of "notes on the lives of all the Bishops, under each of

the Sees, prior to the Reformation." It has been well and carefully edited by Dr. Maitland Thompson. Since Bishop Robert Keith published his Catalogue of the Bishops in 1755, much additional matter has come to light, though Keith's own research among MSS. was amazingly diligent. In later years a large number of registers and chartularies have been published by the Bannatyne and other clubs. Dr. Dowden also made special research into some of the Vatican MSS. In a short notice of a book of this kind it is not possible to do more than give one or two examples of the kind of valuable incidental information which he found among its records. It is interesting to trace evidences of the close ecclesiastical connection with Norway. In the chapter on the Bishops of the Isles we learn that in mediæval times "there were two contemporary Bishops of Sodor, one owning the jurisdiction of Trondhjem and the other that of York. So early as 1060 the Archbishop of Hamburg had sent missionary Bishops to Iceland, Greenland, and Orkney. And when Trondhjem became the Archbishopric of Nidaros it was expressly determined by papal authority that the Bishop of Orkney was a suffragan of Nidaros. In the fifteenth century Iona was constituted the chief seat of the Bishopric of the Isles. Under date April 1, 1498, there occurs the following entry in the "Registrum Secreti Sigilli Regum Scotorum":—"A Letter to the pape and ane to the vice-chancellor, for the erection of the Abbacy of Colmkyll into the bischoppe's sete of the Ilis, quhil his principal kirk in the Ile of Man be recoverit fra Inglismen," etc.

Relations between Scotland and England are shown by an unsuccessful letter of Henry VIII (January 28, 1514-5) to the Pope, praying for the appointment of Gavin Douglas, son of the fifth Earl of Angus, to the Bishopric of St. Andrews. Henry VIII again tried to obtain the Primacy for Gavin, "but the Regent of Scotland with the three estates of the realm wrote (Feb. 6, 1521-2) to the Pope, informing him that Gavin had fled to their enemy, the King of England, and beseeching him not to advance Gavin." A glance through the index shows what a mine of valuable historical information is contained in these records, which form an indispensable companion to Bishop Dowden's learned book on "The Mediæval Church in Scotland."

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*The Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy.* By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

MR. BUMPUS has already dealt in previous volumes of this series with the cathedrals and churches of the remainder of Italy, of Northern Europe generally, including this country, and also of Northern France. In the present book he completes his survey of the cathedrals and churches of Italy, and it is presumed that in volumes still to come he will deal with those of the remainder of Europe. Conscious of this record, it is superfluous to state that Mr. Bumpus is learned in cathedrals and churches. He deals with them almost entirely from

the architectural point of view and, as a consequence, a considerable portion of the volume is of a learnedly technical character, unlikely to appeal to the general reader. The latter will, however, find some recompense for his disappointment in the splendid series of photographs with which the letterpress is embellished.

Mr. Bumpus very properly reminds the archæological *dilettante* that rebuilding and restoration have been so prevalent in Rome that in no case has any appreciable portion of the original fabric survived upon the site. Moreover, the churches have been rebuilt or restored or enlarged, over and over again, by subsequent Popes. "So that it is difficult to assign confidently the precise date of any building, even although there remain many records of the work undertaken by different pontiffs, besides numerous contemporaneous inscriptions on the buildings themselves." The signification of the following passage is not quite clear. Its presumed meaning will not, however, obtain general support among laymen who have been to Rome. "The view of St. Peter's dome from twenty miles off, and a few others from more or less miles off, are in truth all the really striking sites of the highest dome in the world."

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*The English Character.* By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

WE remember once hearing the genial and irresponsible "Sub Rosa" lecture, though the subject of his discourse is forgotten; but the outbursts of laughter by which the evening was punctuated still echo faintly in our ears. With this book we hoped to recapture the spell and to feel the rapier-thrust of the irresistible joke; but the truth is that Mr. Hughes is better as a speaker than as a writer. The humour which flashes into laughter before a good-humoured crowd of listeners often misses fire when taken deliberately and with the inevitable critical pause from the printed page. The danger lies in that fatal critical pause of the mind, when the witticism is summed up and judged by a standard in a way which can never happen to the listener in a lively audience. Mr. Hughes writes on twenty-six types; on cranks and faddists, on dandies, on artists, official people, titled people, minor poets, and many others; sometimes he hits the mark with a smart phrase, and then we are disappointed by a weak attempt at a joke. The sixteen illustrations, reproduced from oil paintings, are the best things of their kind that we have seen for a very long time.

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*Arrested Fugitives.* By Sir EDWARD RUSSELL. (James Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.)

THE well-known Liverpool journalist and editor who has already published two volumes, one of reminiscences, "It Reminds Me—" and another, "An Editor's Sermons," has now collected a number of his addresses delivered during a long term of years and has published them under the title, "Arrested Fugitives." They deal with



a variety of subjects, philosophical, literary, political, religious, and others that cannot so easily be classified. The first essay in the volume, "The Right Use of Sacred Literature by Persons of Average Intelligence and Education," is for the most part an eulogy of the "Book of Psalms," in the course of which the author emphasises the very widespread extent to which this book has influenced a considerable number of the great men of the world. Sir Edward Russell refers to a list prepared by Mr. Prothero, in his "Psalms in Human Life," of men and women of distinction who are known to have made use of particular psalms. Sir Edward finds strong support for his views in this list. To him "it seems like a list of the notables of the world."

A subject of a very different character is "Irving as Hamlet," written thirty-seven years ago on that actor's first appearance in the character. The description of one of Irving's mannerisms, "In moments of high excitement Irving rapidly plods across and across the stage with a gait peculiar to him, a walk somewhat resembling that of a fretful man trying to get very quickly over a ploughed field," will appeal to many who saw the late distinguished actor on the stage. "The Red Flag and the White Flag in France," dated 5th May, 1908, is a somewhat severe criticism of the modern Orleanist movement and also of its figure head. The author makes fine play with some of the published statements of the Duke of Orleans. "What fantasy! What fanfaronade! What a road it should be to travel from such rubbish to the practical management of a twentieth century State." Such is the contempt with which Sir Edward Russell dismisses the political manifestos of the heir to St. Louis.

*Wayfarers in the Libyan Desert.* By LADY EVELYN COBBOLD. Illustrated. (A. L. Humphreys. 6s. net.)

EVEN in the few years that have passed since this century began, the wonders of Egypt have set many pens moving, while the total of literature on the subject probably surpasses that on any other theme. Lady Cobbold, having journeyed down into Egypt and felt the fascination of the country, adds her impressions to the rest, and we forgive her the references to the "Garden of Allah" and the "Ship of the Desert," together with sundry other banalities, for the sake of a sense of keen enjoyment which she manages to convey to her readers. In this short monograph she proves herself an enthusiast rather than a writer, and henceforth must rank among those who stand self-confessed as having known and responded to the call of desert spaces, the fascination which has drawn men—and women, too—away from their kind to a better realisation of life's meaning among primeval things. A word is due to the publisher of this book for the exquisite style in which it is produced. The letterpress is a joy to the eye, and the care with which the well-chosen illustrations have been reproduced makes of them more than photographs; each one is a picture, and they, as a whole, add in no slight degree to the value of the work.

## Fiction

*Les Errants: Roman Colonial.* By JEAN RENAUD. (Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

PERHAPS the most remarkable movement in France to-day is that in favour of the colonies. For a long time Frenchmen had been saying that the reason why they, as compared with the English, had been rather unsuccessful in their colonial dealings, was that they were too patriotic, that they loved too passionately the soil of their native land. But to-day there is a large school of thought that considers that patriotism is compatible with imperialism, that the colonies are a mission and a religion. For many they are a door opening on new ideals, "après l'abandon de la Revanche." "L'honneur de la Patrie plus grande . . . toujours plus grande . . ." that is the formula that M. Renaud reads in the mind of the young officer who has received the call to leave his young wife and child and to perish in the deserts of West Africa.

"Les Errants" are the soldiers and sailors who give their lives to or for this colonial policy; they are the "dreamers dreaming greatly" of Greater France, "les indigènes vous estiment parce que vous incarnez à leurs yeux: la droiture . . . le devoir . . . le sacrifice . . . mais, ils méprisent les autres parce qu'ils croient trouver des colonisateurs et qu'ils ne rencontrent que des requins." It is "les autres" who shatter the ideals of the exiled patriot. They consist, at any rate in the Antilles, where the scene of M. Renaud's romance is chiefly laid, on the one hand of French functionaries and traders, against whom, however, the worst charge is that they are "des résignés, des indifférents, ou des ambitieux," and on the other, of men of mixed blood whose class distinctions, rancours and rivalries are so profound that they make the aforesaid ideals seem almost chimerical. "Les Errants" is a plea for those who have to fight against such "mesquineries."

M. Renaud's book is roughly divided into two stories, with three heroes, all of them young officers. In the main narrative Paul Dambre has to fight a mulatto who has imported the methods of the "Internationale" into Martinique, and finally destroys him in Guadeloupe, where the agitator has changed his note and is leading a revolt of the blacks against the whites. Episodically interwoven are the charming story of Dambre's love affair, and the adventures of a submarine, in which another of M. Renaud's heroes nearly shares the destruction of most of his crew. This episode, as well as the independent second story of a punitive expedition in West Africa, are based, as footnotes rather unnecessarily inform us, on authentic documents. Much of what is said about colonial politics and the "haine de race" is of very wide application. M. Renaud has earned a place among the best colonial novelists; it is difficult to compare him with M. Loti, whose point of view is rather different, but he is a worthy successor of M. Claude Farrère. "Les Errants" is a vivid and intensely moving story.

*Adnam's Orchard.* By SARAH GRAND. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

IN this extremely lengthy work, Sarah Grand makes her characters excuses through which to hold up theory after theory in order to knock it down more effectually. "Distrust precedent. Experiment—and beware of conservatism. Conservatism is the canker of society." So said Adnam Pratt's mother, and that so far as we can see, is the keynote of the work.

Of story there is little, in spite of the length. Adnam Pratt begged a few acres of land from his father, for the purpose of making experiments in intensive culture, and his experiments were successful—or rather, would have been if his elder brother had not smashed the glass, and spoilt the "orchard," in a drunken fit. Then Adnam set out to make the world his orchard, a rather irritating and inconclusive end, although in the course of reading we get a fine picture of a rather over-perfect man. We cannot avoid a suspicion at times that Adnam is a little bit of a prig.

The chief defect in the book, however, is the multitude of side issues with which it is concerned. We are diverted from the main story into so many by-paths that at times we are in danger of forgetting Adnam and his orchard altogether. It may have been the author's intention to give Ella Banks equal prominence with that accorded to the hero, but, if so, that intention is not realised, for Ella remains leading lady of the chorus and no more. It is an immense chorus, this, and every individual member is held up for inspection. And, between the members of the chorus, and the various theories which the author seeks to destroy, Adnam has little chance to get an efficient grip on the reader's feelings.

The moral apparently is that precedent is useless, and in individualism lies the only way to safety. Unfortunately, a good many people are compelled to follow precedent to a certain extent, and debarred from such expression as was allowed to Adnam Pratt. In addition to these there would be a large number disinclined to accept the teaching implied in this story—if story it can be called. The book lacks the vivacity and grip which made the "Heavenly Twins" noteworthy, and, though interesting, contains too much that is destructive and too little that is constructive to prove convincing.

*Mr. Massiter.* By MRS. LEWIS LEEDS. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

SINCE Miles Hillingdon came a cropper in the hunting field, and made of himself a physical wreck, perhaps it was as well that he should marry Fan, the girl he had wronged, although she was so far beneath him socially. Mrs. Leeds seems, however, to hold a brief for this sort of marriage, as if by its means it were possible to atone for the wrong, if not actually to right it. Possibly the exceptional circumstances of this case might justify the step, but the indication of such a course as the "right" thing to do is terribly dangerous preaching. Abler pens than that of Mrs. Lewis Leeds have shown the

great tragedy of two lives chained and cramped in almost intolerable bondage for the sake of this mistaken view of a "right" course.

In the example given here, however, some justification exists; the example may pass, but we wonder what Fan's life will be like if ever Miles recovers full health. The book is concerned with other lives and problems to such an extent that the stage is crowded at times, but we recognise most of the characters under new names. Mr. Massiter himself, for instance, is quite a familiar type of "good" man; Felicity and "Tony" are stock figures. The book as a whole does not grip, for though it is not lacking in technique and a certain facile descriptive quality, its author seems not to have retained sufficient interest in the characters she has created to keep them alive for her readers.

## The Theatre

### "The Sleeping Beauty" at Drury Lane

BEAUTY is always beauty. Her essences divine have for the first time fully penetrated the vast Christmas undertaking of Mr. Arthur Collins. In our recollection, no scenes have had the same exquisite charm as have the wide gardens and old palaces with which we are presented this year. There is in them the gay romance of the finest pictures by our modern men: the delight in colour which Mr. Sims gave us in his "Shower" at the Academy last spring, the boldness and proportion and quiet depth with which Mr. Pryde has made us familiar. There are very many other things and people to hold the senses in thrall, but it is the grace and reality of these spacious decorative gardens that give a particular distinction to the Drury Lane production this year. Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Bovill and Mr. Arthur Collins have joined together with Mr. James Glover and a hundred other clever people to make of the two fairy stories of the "Sleeping Beauty" and "Beauty and the Beast" one complete and delightful entertainment.

After a week or two, the dialogue will, we fancy, become a little more witty, but the construction and the characters, the dances, the scenery and the lighting, and the dresses—all these are already perfect. Many clever innovations will be noted. The accomplished singer, Miss Florence Smithson, brings the charm of her lovely voice to grace the Princess Marcella, and wins all hearts by her daintiness and skill. For the first time the happy Prince of pantomime is played by a man, Mr. Wilfred Douthitt, adventuring that difficult rôle. He sings well, and acts as though he were convinced, and, of course, all his manly powers are required as the Beast of the second part of the story. But notwithstanding his excellencies as the hero, Auriol, one is more than half-regretful for those admirable "boys" who delighted our youth in pantomime. His Beast, too, has not quite the



horrific appearance of tradition; many a duke's daughter has given her hand to a worse-looking man without much fuss—even in Royal houses.

But such trifles pass unmarked when the skilful comedian, Mr. George Graves, is on the stage as the Duke of Monte Blanco—a victim of the wicked fairy, in the present case his second wife, Anarchista, made beautiful and very, very bad by Miss Alice Chartres—and the somewhat chastened Mr. Will Evans as Pompos. We miss in this excellent actor the wild, glad humour with which he has so often enlivened us elsewhere. Here he is admirably reserved and correct, and "feeds" Mr. Graves in the dialogue so that the Duke of Monte Blanco may say no end of funny things. They have many amusing scenes, such as that in which the Duke recovers from having been made a scarecrow for eighteen years, or that in which they try to effect an entry to the palace of Sleeping Beauty for the pseudo Prince Finnykin, of the amusing Mr. Barry Lupino. Also, they have one excellent song together about the good things we have missed. In these rhymes, everybody, from theatrical knights, upwards and downwards, is satirised very effectively.

One cannot recount the enormous cast, but the important Puck of Miss Renée Mayer must be praised. She is a tiny little thing who has an immense deal to do with the plot, and can check wicked fairies and people of that sort just long enough to enable the good and beautiful people to get the things that their hearts love best. It is a heavy part very lightly, brightly, agreeably played. Mr. Will and Mr. Sam Poluski are extremely clever, especially in their acrobatic movements, but as the detectives, Blake and Holmes, the authors have not been very kind to them, and their jokes are not convulsingly funny.

It is as an *ensemble* that one will most fully enjoy Mr. Collins' latest production. From that point of view, success is everywhere. The spirit of the thing is perfect. The Pan-like delight in beauty for itself alone, for youth and gaiety, for clear laughter, is here, and the audience feels it and revels in the general result. Everyone must go to the Lane once more, for there are many things that are new and true in this gorgeous production.

Ah, reader, perhaps  
You're neglectful of Pan  
And the nymphs that hold revel  
A long summer's span;  
I pray you return now  
And worship with me  
This delicate spirit  
Of Youth that is free.

### Some Holiday Plays The Aldwych Theatre

"THE Golden Land of Fairy Tales" is a genuine and jolly entertainment for lively children. That it will enable elderly people to feel young again, an advantage claimed by many such plays, is a matter which I greatly doubt. In translating and adapting this series of pic-

tures from the fairy world to the English stage, Mr. A. H. Quaritch and Mr. Maurice Raye have retained a touch of the German original which is very pleasant, homely, and effective. The connecting story which brings "Little Red Riding Hood," "Puss in Boots," "The Magic Wood," "Cinderella," "Snowdrop," and "The Sleeping Beauty" into one tale, with an interesting prologue and a "Vision of the Golden Land" as epilogue, is an ingenious and skilfully planned arrangement—a happy thought which has, by the way, been used a good deal elsewhere this year. From the moment when the Grannie of the prologue pronounces the magic words, "Once upon a time," and the beautiful Miss Evelyn Hope, as the ideal Fairy Queen, comes upon the scene, the young people who fill the auditorium are transported into a world which they already know and delight to honour. Perhaps one has often happened on more amusing renderings of "Puss in Boots," in which Mr. T. P. Haynes makes an uninteresting King and Mr. Langlois an impossible Giant Ogre; perhaps, too, the sort of connecting episode, "The Magic Wood," in which the three happy Princes of the various tales and the three sought and captured heroines also appear, may be a little dull and dark. But towards the middle of the rather long programme many lively scenes take place, and the people, who seemed just a little slow and dull at first, brighten very much, and the entertainment spins gaily along to the light and telling music of Mr. Heinrich Berté.

Among the actors, the three heroines—Cinderella, Miss Cecily Eldon; Snowdrop, Miss Isla Raine; and the Sleeping Beauty, Miss Gwen Trevitt—are all delightful and engaging in their very different ways. But it is the little dancers, such as Miss Dorothy Finucane, Dorothy Turner, and Florrie Lewis, who really make the success of the "Fairy Tales." They are each so clever, so unsophisticated, and so natural and child-like in their sophistication. The seriousness and little airs of the theatre which they employ are as funny and attractive as their talents and skill are welcome. Harold Barrett as the Hare—with a very wicked eye and humour—is full of character and fun, and one of the most popular people on the stage. In grace and elegance Miss Evelyn Hope as the Fairy Queen naturally outshines all the rest. Although it is not quite easy to recapture the critical taste of childhood, we should say that it would be difficult to find a more complete, simple, and straightforward entertainment than "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," to which one could introduce those lords and mistresses of our lives, the youngest generation.

### The New Revue at the Hippodrome

WITH the gay title "Hullo, Rag-Time!" this form of entertainment comes of age in London. Several lavish and splendid examples of the same kind of light and lively production are now before the public, but no other has quite the dash and brilliancy of the vast undertaking at the Hippodrome. There are at least a hundred

factors which will make for its success, from the gorgeous scenery and alluring music of Mr. Louis Hirsch to, say, the vigorous acting of all the gay company and the entrancing quality of the Beauty Chorus; but above all, and almost all the time, it is the exquisite performance of the versatile Miss Ethel Levey that causes "Hullo, Rag-Time!" to be in every sense *the* revue of revues. Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. Albert de Courville have not hesitated to make enormous demands upon this beautiful actress, dancer, singer, humorist, and one hardly knows how many other things; but Miss Levey is equal to every occasion, from her earliest song "How do you do, Miss Rag-Time?" to her last delicious dance. On the first night the revue played for some hours, but there was never a dull moment, never a scene that was not crowded with beauty or filled with happy humour or cynic wit. Personally, one enjoyed most the clever "Extra Turn" which gave us "the dramatists who count" choosing their own censor—with the quaintest results—and a highly diverting skit on a modern play of—may one say?—the St. James's style, acted by supposed old-fashioned music-hall personages. In this Miss Ethel Levey gave us a rich caricature of an emotional actress as played by an honest acrobat lady; and Mr. O. P. Heggie and Mr. Jerry Kirby were the society lover and husband with music-hall manners. Every little point in this satiric piece of work was amusing and pleasantly bitter. But it was truly a tiny point in the long procession of cheery fun that goes to compose the revue. After Miss Levey—a genius in this kind of work—perhaps Mr. Lew Hearn and Mr. Willie Solar were among the most original of the players. But where all did so well—Miss Shirley Kellogg, Miss Dorothy Minto, Mme. Bonita, and the rest—it is impossible to give much more praise to one than to another. The best course in the happy circumstances is to suggest that all should go and see for themselves this brisk and cheery piece of fun. No doubt each night will add to its gaiety, for one of the great charms of this sort of production is that it is utterly unfettered by any severe conventions, and can be adapted to the moment with perfect ease. But for our part we do not wish or believe that the enormous production or the delightful performance of Miss Ethel Levey could be made more agreeable.

### "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's Theatre

LIKE its hero, this fantastic and beautiful entertainment shows no signs of the passage of time. Personally, we come to it quite freshly, as it is years and years since we saw it last. The early morning charm is still there; the young April fancy, the dream of dawn, the fine flower of childhood are instinct throughout the five delightful acts. Mr. Barrie has thrown his nets afar, and his harvest contains all that is worth remembering of life's opening days. This year his classic piece is especially indebted to the touching and beautiful Mrs.

Darling of Miss Viva Birkett, and to the wholly convincing and graceful and maternal little Wendy of Miss Mary Glynne. Of course, also, to the perfect James Hook which Mr. Holman Clark has made his own, and the sublime Smee of Mr. George Shelton. But, above all, the Michael Darling of Reggie Sheffield is perhaps the most gifted of this greatly talented good company. He is, I fancy, a new-comer, and possibly the smallest actor on the stage. But he is fresh and charming and real—equal to all occasions, and the very spirit of the play as we imagine Mr. Barrie conceived it.

Peter Pan himself still has devoted admirers by the thousand; but, sad to say, we found that Miss Pauline Chase had grown up—just the tiniest bit in the world, of course, but still we felt it, and we were duly shocked. However, we don't think anyone else noticed it, and among all the other charming people—pirates, Redskins, braves, and dozens of others, it is but a trifling affair. The thing that matters is the spirit of the play, the accomplishment of it, its grace and lyric feeling, and the air of something still subtler which hangs about it:—

This is unborn beauty: she  
Now in air floats high and free,  
Takes the sun and breaks the blue;

Coasting mountain clouds and kiss't  
By the evening's amethyst.

All those who have seen "Peter Pan" will go again, and those who go for the first time will have the good fortune to find a new world of charm and wisdom, of mystery and romance.

EGAN MEW.

### The World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall

HOUP-LA! This is the thirty-fourth consecutive year of the World's Fair, and, thanks to it, Islington has been merry as of yore this holiday time, in spite of the rain and the mud. The Agricultural Hall was crammed with sightseers bent on amusing themselves on Christmas Eve, the opening night, and again on Boxing Day. They flock from all parts to this show, which "has no parallel," according to the announcements, and they one and all appear to enjoy themselves heartily, for under the capable management of Mr. T. E. Read they are provided with a whirl of amusement lasting several hours for the modest sixpence charged for admission.

Sir Robert Fossett's Circus gives four free shows daily, and the Six Thrilling Wortleys, described as "the greatest Continental Aerialists ever seen," give two. Lorenzo, "the King of the High Pole," also gives two performances on the top of a mast ninety feet high. Bostock and Wombwell's "World-renowned Menagerie" always attracts plenty of visitors, especially when the animal performances are on, and the antics of the monkeys never fail to raise roars of laughter, while the elephants' appetites for buns and biscuits seem insati-



able. Among the zoological novelties are the Hairless Wonder; the Panda, from Thibet, "quite recently discovered"; an albino Wallaby Kangaroo; and Dot, "the smallest adult pony alive."

There are the usual roundabouts, whirling motors, Venetian gondolas, pig circus, and a circular motor-car track. Also the Great Revolving Wheel, the Mysterious Castle, the Slipping the Slip, and the Temple of Mirth. But, after all, the side-shows are the thing, for in them are to be seen such wonders as the Haunted Swing, or the Mysterious Room, the Boston Twins, Salome and her Alligators, Forty Real Live Savages from the Philippines who are head-hunters and dog-eaters, Beautiful Florence who, though only nineteen years old, already weighs thirty-nine and a half stones, and next door to her perhaps the greatest marvel of all—Flossie, the Freak Heifer, a pretty red Devon cow with five legs, three horns, and two tails. In fact, the management provide their patrons with all the fun of the fair, accompanied by the most discordant music it has ever been our fate to hear.

## Inner Circles of Socialism

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

DO you remember the old Chartist in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," who took the chair in the great debate on the House of Lords, when Harry Goslett fought his cousin, Dick Coppin, in the Stepney Advanced Club? At one point, you may remember, the chairman nodded his head approvingly to some remark of Harry Goslett's: "Perhaps he had never before realised how all his life he had neglected the substance and swallowed the shadow." He was one of those who "remembered how everything was to go well as soon as the five points of the Charter were carried, and how everything still remained in the same uppy-down, topsyturvy, one-sided, muddle-headed perverseness, just as if these points had not been carried. He became sad." The younger men in the club, of course, were quite sure, absolutely sure, that, with a little more upsetting and down-pulling, the balance would be set right, and a beautiful straight level of universal happiness would be reached.

This was a very wet Christmas, and I enjoyed myself before the fire in reading many books, but none gave me more pleasure than this continuative Hyndman autobiography. I read the first part, "The Record of an Adventurous Life," with interest, but I cannot help feeling that in the second part Hyndman betrays some of the misgivings of the old Chartist quoted above. With many good qualities, and great advantages, has he done the best with his life? Has he succeeded? He is a strange mixture, a revolutionary Socialist first and always; and it is plain he has dabbled in speculative

finance, whilst the good dinners and wines he describes are evidence that he is no ascetic. Indeed, in an amusing sketch of Bernard Shaw he asks:—

Why has Shaw no pathos? How is it he is destitute of poesy? What makes his humour comparatively thin? Why do his dramas tend to peter out at the latter end? I say it with all confidence and certitude: because his food is not suited to our dramatic climate and his drink does him no good. Take Shaw now and feed him up for a season on fine flesh dishes artfully combined and carefully evoked; turn a highly skilled French *chef* on to him in every department of his glorious art; prescribe for him stout, black jack, or, better still, the highest class of Burgundy of the Romanée Conti variety, born in a good year, and Shaw would be raised forthwith to the *n*th power of intellectual attainment.

So much for our Socialist gourmet. Well educated, widely read, knowing everybody of note or interest for half a century, a good platform speaker, a splendid linguist, Hyndman might have risen to any position, and yet he never succeeded in anything he attempted. He tried to weld the Socialists into a compact body, and failed utterly and entirely. He failed even to get into Parliament.

He tells the story quite frankly in his book, and, although a stranger would not know it, there are some qualities which show he was no leader of men at all. From first to last he seems to have quarrelled with everyone, admitting here and there that it may have been his own fault.

Some day an unbiased historian will be found to write a standard history on the Socialist movement. It will make interesting reading. This book of Hyndman's will be of value to him in showing how Socialism has failed to make progress, not because of its inherent impracticability, but because its leagues and societies have a fatal habit of becoming prosperous. The only principle on which they unite is destructive; but as to any practical scheme to bring about the millennium, none of them has ever produced any. Envy, hatred and malice, jealousy, distrust, intrigue, are apparent in every chapter; Socialists seem to hate each other far more than the common foe. The book is most entertaining, and the character-sketches of men still living and working in the movement will doubtless engender much annoyance and cause the friends to blaspheme.

Hyndman quotes that amusing suggestion of the late Lord Justice Bowen for the preamble to the formal letter of congratulation by the English Judges to Queen Victoria: "Conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings." And it might be applied to himself, for no one is more conscious of the shortcomings of his fellow-workers in the field of Socialism than he. And the funny part of it is that, in describing others, he is often describing himself. For instance, speaking of Shaw, he says: "With the diabolic love of mischief which he shares with his able fellow-countryman, Tim Healy, he took a direct personal delight in playing the malignant

\* *Further Reminiscences*. By H. M. HYNDMAN. (Macmillan and Co. 16s. net.)

imp in the movement." He thinks that John Burns has betrayed his class—calls Lloyd George a dishonest bureaucrat—Stead a self-deceiver who always wrote on "Sister Mary Jane's top note" and was "in his way utterly unscrupulous." He thinks that Ramsay MacDonald obtained his official position with the Labour Party on account of his being mistaken for a certain James MacDonald, who is a far finer character. Keir Hardie has disappointed him, and Labby was a cynical practical joker. He hates the Fabian Society, which consists of prigs. Syndicalism is a bastard form of anti-political Anarchism. Henry George's Single Tax nostrum is "the capitalists' last ditch." On the other hand, he lavishes praise by the trowelful on Davitt, Jack Williams, Grayson, Lady Warwick, and Walter Crane. He seems to have been intimate with several murderers and Anarchists, and helps to fill up the book with detailed accounts of their crimes and amours. He drags the sordid story of Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx once more into the light of day—in justice to her. He makes the astounding statement in defence of the Anarchists in America that the whole thing, like the massacres after the Commune in Paris, is no more than an incident in the long and desperate class war in which the killed and wounded *are all on one side!* The italics are mine. He speaks of Will Thorne as a member of the Parliamentary Labour Party, which I believe is incorrect, and calls Sir Edward Clarke an out and out Conservative.

On the whole, I cannot help liking the man. His courage, his merry wit, his cheerful optimism, his genuine love for England and belief in its future, his desire for a strong Navy to defeat German invasion because he feels that, if Germany should win, it would mean a European imperial military despotism, his frank egotism, his gentle way of making enemies—all appeal to one irresistibly, and, if I have often put down the book to laugh at his views, I have as often laughed with him.

We may comfort ourselves that so able a man has done so little harm to the community in the course of his long and active career, and we must be grateful for an ably written book which throws much useful light on the inner working of Socialism and Anarchism.

## Beauty

THE riddle of the Sphinx was not more baffling than that of beauty. Two eyes, a nose, a mouth, pearly teeth disclosed by a sunny smile, a complexion, an expression, are the ingredients; the effect is a question of taste and association. The *grande passion* has ere now been inspired by ugly women *aux yeux marçassins*. There was little beauty in Madame de Maintenon, and she, a prude at heart, thrilled at sight of the lame and deformed Scarron. As well, indeed, ask what is beauty as, with Pontius Pilate, what is truth. Some have a morbid fancy for imperfections. They find a stammer or a mole irresistible, and one of the women in a story by Mr. Hichens owes her successes to a cast in one of

her eyes. The famous Fountain of the Porcellini conjures beauty out of material so unpromising as a pig. And what of the fashion in clothes? Jones walks abroad on Sundays in an epigamic devilry of flowered vest and chequered trousers that make Brown's blood run cold. Yet, for all its elusiveness, for all its infinite variety, beauty of feature is a precious gift at which some only sneer whose faces are out of drawing. Association is all important in the estimate. Family ties and vanity of authorship enable parents to see cygnets in their goslings. How soon your philanderer cools towards the frigid beauty, whose citadel is proof against his siege, and approves her plainer sister who is kind to him! So she be not fair to him, the other's looks leave him unmoved. Or take the case of scenery. A native of the place would find beauty in Burslem. The glamour of hallowed traditions is dazzling, else no one ignorant of their tremendous past would ever look upon the environs of either Jerusalem or Rome without shuddering from disgust. The association of scenery with historic happenings recalls the curious blunder made by Emerson when he goes into raptures over the vision of the heroic Winkelried breaking the Austrian ranks "in the shadow of glaciers." The phantom background is romantic, but the cold fact is, as all know who are familiar with the countryside round Basel, that the dreadful plain of Sempach, on which the Liberator met his glorious end, is a landscape so homely that no saga could redeem its flatness.

What, again, of beauty in animals? The most repulsive pug is handsome to its doting mistress. To the ordinary, unbiased eye there could be no creature much more horrible than an octopus, yet its squirming symmetry inspires praise from Mr. James Douglas, who doubtless takes into account its harmony with a watery environment. Possibly he would have modified his transports had he, like myself, watched these loathsome jellies trying to squeeze through the grid of an Australian swimming bath. A dry nightmare of very different calibre is the scorpion, yet Fabre, sweetest-minded of naturalists, conceived actual affection for the Languedoc colony that he kept under close observation in captivity. He also might, perhaps, have found less poetry in their movements if the position had been reversed and the deadly arachnids had kept him, as for weeks they did me, under observation in the gloomy corners of a Moorish villa.

Beauty of sound is also a matter of association. So their music kept him equally awake at night, Lamb found nothing to choose between the sobbing of nightingales and the howling of cats. As for the music of man, one can dream his dreams to the strains of Sousa, while another loves only airs "clear and Phoebean."

The beauty of the female form divine is appraised according to the fashion of the moment. Connoisseurs never tire of debating whether there are as many lovely women in the public eye to-day as there were of yore. The Madonna types of the old masters, whether Florentine or Dutch, fallow or florid, were, we will



hope, dreams of beauty to the artists and their generation. Yet who that is frank will, however regretfully, deny that, with the saving exception of one by Del Sarto, and possibly as many more as might be counted on the fingers of one hand, they are, judged by modern standards, a grievous lot of women? At any rate, they are immeasurably inferior to the faces I have seen when riding through the alleys of Bethlehem, a town noted even to-day for the beauty of its women. A reigning beauty sets the fashion. From my humble corner in London supper rooms, I have lately noticed that modern man pays homage to a curiously sinister type of woman, with eyes rather close together, a low forehead (the effect, no doubt, of the modish style of coiffure), large ears and long earrings, a style of face curiously reminiscent of those decorative pre-Raphaelite sirens that Aubrey Beardsley drew with such uncanny genius. Such a type acquires popularity rapidly, and is even more quickly copied. Prosy old dandies, who sigh for the beauties who ruled when Plancus was Consul, triumphantly recall the furore with which the lovely sisters Gunning were invariably mobbed by a crowd of admirers whenever they took the air in the streets of Doncaster. Yet the irreverent champion of modern beauty has a right to retort that pretty women must have been woefully rare in Georgian England if the townsfolk of Doncaster had to leave their shops to stare at a couple of them!

Some of the most witching beauty is that which a trick of dress leaves to the baffled imagination. By withholding a little, it raises the expectations. Those who have lived in the gorgeous East realise, in retrospect if not sooner, that much of its gorgeousness is that which they have never seen. A Turkish veil performs miracles in the way of helping a face to tantalise the roving eye that, without such aid, would repel. Mr. Healy once scored heavily in defending a man in a breach of promise case. The plaintiff, obviously a lady of mature years, came into court heavily veiled. "Madam," said counsel for the defence, "would ye be pleased to remove that yashmak?" a sally which, implying a coming disclosure of languorous Oriental beauty, was too much even for the judge, and sent the Court into fits of laughter.

There is one dogma touching beauty which is as ungenerous as it is illogical, and that is the adage which discounts it as being necessarily no more than skin-deep. Herbert Spencer did not hesitate to condemn this uncharitable sentiment. It is in its innuendo that beautiful people are necessarily shallow that the fallacy stands condemned. Physically, of course, beauty, as seen merely by the eye, must needs be superficial. The bones may be beautiful too, but we are debarred from admiring them save as framework unless, in future, Elliott and Fry and Lafayette produce their *cartes de visite* by radiograph. This mean and stupid estimate of beauty insinuates that a lovely face is the mask of either a weak brain or a black heart. It is as false as the statement that "handsome is as handsome does." As well might we hesitate to eat a ruddy apple or a

blooming peach. A literal interpretation of its extreme application will at once reduce this carping criticism to an absurdity, as illustrated in the old story of the youth who nervously presented a bride-elect of homely features to an uncle from whom he had, as the phrase goes, expectations. The old gentleman had been a beau in the days of the Regency, and still worshipped beauty in his old age. Not without misgivings did Benedick exhibit his prize, but all might have gone well had he not sought to disarm criticism by remarking *sotto voce*:—

"After all, Sir, as they say, beauty's only skin-deep!"

"Is it, Sir, is it?" was the frankly brutal retort.

"Then why the mischief didn't you skin her, Sir, before bringing her here?"

F. G. AFLALO.

## Okehampton Castle

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

A HIGH wind roared over the tree-tops and sent the leaf flying—blood-red from the cherry, russet from the oak, and yellow from the elm. Rain and sunshine followed swiftly upon each other, and the storms hurtled over the forest, hissed in the brown river below and took fire through their falling sheets, as the November sun scattered the rear-guard of the rain and the cloud purple broke to blue. The great wind struck the larches, where they misted in fading brightness against the inner gloom of the woods, and at each buffet, their needles were scattered like a little puff of golden smoke. Only the ash trees had lost all their leaves, for a starry sparkle of foliage still clung to every other deciduous thing. The low light, striking upon a knoll and falling on dripping surfaces of stone and tree trunk made a mighty flash and glitter of it, so that the trees and the scattered masonry, that here lay at their feet, here still stood and ascended in crooked crags above their highest boughs, were lighted with colour barbarically splendid and blazed against the sullen cloud masses now lumbering storm-laden from the West.

The mediæval ruin that these woods had near concealed in summer, now loomed amid them well defined. Viewed from aloft the ground plan of the castle might be distinctly traced, and it needed no great knowledge to follow the architectural design of it. The sockets of the pillars that sprang to a groined entrance still remained, and within, to right and left of the courtyard, there towered the roofless walls of a great state chamber, or banqueting hall, on the one hand, a chapel, oratory and guard-room on the other. The chapel had a piscina in the southern wall; the main hall was remarkable for its mighty chimney. Without, the ruins of the kitchens were revealed, and they embraced an oven large enough to bake bread for a village. Round about there gaped the foundations of other apartments, and opened deep eyelet windows in the thickness of the walls. The mass was so linked up and knit together that of old time it must have presented one great con-

geries of chambers fortified by a circlet of masonry; but now the keep towered on a separate hillock to the south-west of the ruin, and stood alone. It faced four squares, dominated the valley, and presented a front impregnable to all four quarters.

This is the keep that Turner drew, and set behind it a sky of mottled white and azure specially beloved by Ruskin; but the wizard took large liberties with his subject, flung up his castle on a lofty scarp, and from his vantage point at stream side beneath, suggested a nobler and a mightier ruin than in reality exists. One may suppose that steps or secret passages communicated with the keep, and that in Tudor times this concourse of trees had not sprung to smother the little hill and obscure the views of the distant approaches from Dartmoor above and the valleys beneath. Now they throng close, where oak and ash cling to the sides of the uplifted hillock and circle the stones that tower to ragged turrets in their midst.

Far below bright Okement loops the mount with a brown girdle of foaming waters that thread the meadows; and beyond, now dark, now wanly streaked with sunshine, ascends Dartmoor to her broader heights of Yes Tor and High Willhayes. Westerly the land climbs again and the last fires of autumn flicker over a forest.

One saw the place happily between wild storms, at a moment when the walls, warmed by a shaft of sunshine, took on most delicious colour and chiming with the gold of the flying leaves, towered bright as a dream upon the November blue.

At the Conquest, Baldwin de Redvers received no fewer than one hundred and eighty-one manors in Devon alone, for William rewarded his strong men according to their strength. We may take it, therefore, that this Baldwin de Redvers, or Baldwin de Brionys, was a powerful lieutenant to the Conqueror—a man of his hands and stout enough to hold the West Country for his master. From his new possessions the Baron chose \*Ochementone for his eyrie; indeed, he may be said to have created the township. With military eye and strategic genius he marked a little spur of the hills that commanded the passes of the Moor and the highway to Cornwall and the Severn Sea; and there built his stronghold, the sole castle in Devon named in Domesday. But of this edifice no stone now stands upon another. It has vanished into the night of time past, and its squat, square, Norman keep scowls grimly down upon the valleys no more.

The present ruins belong to the Perpendicular period of later centuries, and until a recent date the second castle threatened swiftly to pass after the first; but a new lease of life has lately been given to these fragments; they have been cleaned and excavated, the conquering ivy has been stripped from their walls, and a certain measure of work accomplished to weld and strengthen the crumbling masonry. Thus a lengthened existence has been assured to the castle. "Time, which

antiquates antiquities," is challenged, and will need reinforcement of many years wherein again to lift his scaling ladders of ivy, loose his lightnings from the cloud, and marshal his fighting legions of rain and tempest, frost and snow.

## A Cornish Fishing Village Regatta

By HAROLD WINTLE, F.R.G.S.

THE great day has at length arrived. For weeks past little else has been talked about but "The Regatta," but now the collecting books are all in, the £40 is duly apportioned for prizes in the way the committee thinks best—the chairman, with a view to a balance for the next year, has diplomatically cooked the prize list, and has not as yet been found out—the various officials are appointed, the mark-boats hired, and everything is apparently in order for the inevitable disorder of Regatta Day. Very early the more energetic members of the committee are abroad, hanging flags for the decoration of the two villages that lie side by side at the end of the Coombe, the only dividing mark between them being an open drain. The handicapping committee assembles at the chairman's house, and after gravely scrutinising sky and sea, for direction and force of wind, thankfully allows itself to be influenced by the chairman, the only point of disagreement arising when he objects to his own yacht—a local boat and the pride of the two villages—being so handicapped that, unless something very serious happens to her, she must win "The Cup" which has been presented for the yacht race, the great event of the day. The members of the handicapping committee have a marked dislike to anything going away from the place; besides that, "Bill," the skipper of the local yacht, is a native, and closely related to many of them.

Mark-boats have to be placed in position and decorated, bottles of beer and mineral waters, large quantities of bread, cheese, and pickles, for the use of the committee, have to be got on board. It seems impossible that everything can be right by one o'clock; already competitors from the neighbouring port are beginning to arrive.

The bay, deep blue under a cloudless sky, is dotted here and there with little white sails. An excursion steamer, laden with sightseers, has anchored on the starting line, and has to be moved. Ashore, ice cream men and cheap jacks have taken up their stands on the sloping shingle, presently to find themselves below high-water mark. The fields above are the vantage ground of the knowing ones, who want to see the sport—not to listen to the gossip. The aristocracy of the two villages will presently go on board the steam yacht that has an anchorage in the bay, whose owner will dispense hospitality to anyone who chooses to come.

Quaintly picturesque is the scene. The glorious weather adds a wealth of life and colour to the picture, imparting a new beauty to the old-world villages, nest-

\* "Okehampton" is a word which has no historic or philological excuse.



ling against the luxurious background of tree-covered heights that dip right down to the sea itself—a startling contrast to the brilliantly red sand-stone cliffs on the other side. From the purely human aspect the show possesses a wonderful degree of interest to a sympathetic observer, for it brings forth the characteristics of the West country, coupled with the qualities of a hardy long-shore race. Here stands a stalwart fisherman, dark of complexion, black bearded, with a name of Spanish origin, bearing out the tradition that many survivors of the Great Armada had come ashore in Cornwall, and remained there. A man of indolent temperament, but absolutely without fear, and proud with the pride of a great ancestry. There leans an undersized youth, with coarse black curly hair, thick lips and doubtful complexion, whose grandfather had come from the Indies in one of the old frigates, and having married a West-country woman, settled down in one of the villages.

As a regatta, this water-gala is delightfully unconventional. Directly proceedings begin there is an amusing degree of bewilderment as to which is the starting line, and which is the finishing mark. Over and over again competitors are told their courses by a good-tempered, long-suffering timekeeper, and his assistant the starter, who officiates with an old rusty double-barrelled gun, that has a way of adding to the confusion by misfiring at critical moments. Bronzed sons of the sea shout themselves hoarse from various little punts, decorated with flags, whose particular mission certainly nobody on shore seems quite to know, and probably those on board are doubtful of. Yet good nature and laughter are the order of the day amidst all these diverting episodes.

The first gun for the yacht race has been satisfactorily fired, and the five minutes before the start have nearly elapsed.

"Bill," the skipper of the local yacht, has got perilously near the starting line, and in a splendid position, well to windward of his opponents; in a few seconds he will be over, and then, having to go back, will not only lose time, but position, and endanger his chances of winning "The Cup." So with one accord those on the committee vessel, and the two score people in the rowing boats, shout to the starter to "Fire," which he straightway proceeds to do, in spite of the remonstrance of his companion, the owner of the yacht, who with a resigned shrug philosophically devotes himself to taking the times, as far as he can, as the yachts cross the very doubtful line. He knows the other owners will not be surprised at anything that happens to favour the local boat; they will probably get a similar advantage somewhere else.

Various sailing matches follow. The racing, so far as it goes, is really excellent sport, for where shall we find better men at sailing a boat than the hookers and crabbers who, winter and summer, in fine weather and foul, seek their bread in Western waters? After these come the rowing races, in which there is much fouling,

much strong language, but perfectly good tempers. The great seine-boats, with heaped-up nets, rowed by eight powerful mackerel-fishermen, make astonishingly good time round the long course set them.

Ashore, the fishermen recover old shipmates in the guise of yachtsmen, and reminiscences of storm and peril are discussed to the accompaniment of a most persevering drum and fife band, that plays alternately on the Beach before one village, and then, in order that there shall be no jealousy, in the Square of the other. It is a regatta of the "home brewed, brown bread" order, such as it must do the greatest cynic good to watch, if only for the revelation of the merry side of the sturdy populace who turn out to enjoy themselves.

The exhausted competitors come ashore, winners wearing an expression of self-complacent superiority, losers eagerly explaining that it was no fault of theirs that they had not won. The crowd drifts away up to the Green, where for two hours it watches energetic youths climb the greasy pole, and later, when the public-houses are turned out, various members of the committee go, somewhat staggeringly it must be confessed, to the house of the chairman, outside which they sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and cheer lustily, though perhaps incoherently.

## The Tragedy of Theodore Peters

IN the case of some writers the thought that occurs to one is the little that they have left behind to represent the actual vital brilliance of the dead. One can say of such they were lovely and pleasant in their lives; but no proof seems to remain over by which to indicate to the coming years their genius. They are gone and their place knows them no more; and the legend of their cleverness passes the way of all myths. And this, perhaps, is the truth about the life of the ill-fated young American poet, Theodore Peters. In life he seemed to possess so much ability, and his work, that was to be, seemed to promise so much; but, alas! there came no fulfilment. Of him, as of so many other young literary lives that Death has cut short too early, one is forcibly reminded of the pity of it all. Was the game, when all is said and done, worth the candle? Here is Theodore Peters, who to produce one meagre volume of minor verse suffered so much and in the end gave up his life. And he was by no manner of means without a gift for literature. He had, indeed, a real call; but he was not strong enough to survive the thousand and one temptations of the literary life.

He was born in America, yet quite early the call of the old world whispering her enchantments of history and culture came to him. Like Whistler, Sargent and Henry Harland, he could not resist the syren's spell. So he came to London as a young man to find the streets where for a thousand years men had walked, and the

shrines where from generation to generation came the devout. When he arrived in London the art movement of the 'nineties was in full swing. It will be remembered that after the "Patience Days" of the æsthetic craze in the 'eighties we were invaded by French art. Art for art's sake, or decadentism, as some called it, was paramount, and young Theodore Peters was caught in the turmoil. So it came about in those days when the gospel of intensity was abroad, and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley was shocking one half of London and delighting the other half with his extraordinary black and white art, and the late John Davidson and the Rhymer's Club were turning this England of ours into "a nest of singing birds," that Peters published at the famous Bodley Head Press his "Posies out of Rings, and Other Conceits." It is a curious little pink volume wherein white peacocks, rich pouss-cafés, satin slippers, pierrots' hearts, all play their part; and as we look at it now over the lapse of a decade, how curiously old-fashioned it all seems.

But in spite of the affected language and the violent cringing to the gods of the day, there runs, like a thread of gold, through the whole volume, a note of real poetry. Take, for instance, the little phantasy entitled "Pierrot and the Statue":—

One summer evening in a charmed wood,  
Before a marble Venus, *Pierrot* stood;  
A Venus beautiful beyond compare,  
Gracious her lip, her snowy bosom bare.  
*Pierrot* amorous, his cheeks aflame,  
Called the white Statue many a lover's name.  
An oriole flew down from off a tree,  
"Woo not a goddess made of stone!" sang he.  
"All of my warmth to warm it," *Pierrot* said;  
When by the pedestal he sank down dead.  
The Statue faintly flushed, it seemed to strive  
To move—but it was only half alive.

There it seems to me we have the poet's own history told in an exceedingly beautiful little allegory. His Muse was only half alive. The poetical idea was happy and the language apt; but the brevity of the treatment is characteristic of the author, for his song, like some runners, could not last. Of the same style is "The Mermaid and the Nightingale":—

Oh! nightingale, that tender melting strain,  
With love and madness so divinely blended:  
She was a mermaid when your song began,  
She was a woman when your song was ended.

Sometimes he attains the little stinging epigram of a latter-day Martial. Sometimes he turns from frivolity and touches on the serious things of life, as in "On the Embankment":—

The impassive stony Sphinx kissed by the amorous moon;  
The little coster-girl, a Covent Garden rose;  
Three thousand years apart! And yet alike for once in this—  
To-night, each has a secret she will not disclose.

Peters did not remain long in London, however, and he turned away gladly from the imitation life of the "Quarter" that certain young authors were then trying to lead in London brasseries, to the real thing. For in the more congenial atmosphere of Paris, art as a culture blossoms more readily than amid the warehouses of London. And here came the ruin and death of Theodore Peters in the pernicious surroundings of the Bohemian life that wrecks so many men. For this town of "wine, women, and song" sung by Murger in his charmingly untruthful book, ruins body and soul of the men who enter it, and leaves the true artist incapable of all creative work. No life is more exacting or more jealous than the artistic life. To endeavour to tax the brain chronically, while debilitating the body by every calculated and scientific means, is to court disaster.

This poor Peters himself saw; but, such is the fascination of the life, he could not tear himself away from it. He knew the history of the terrible tragedy that drugs and absinthe—composed of sixteen distinct poisons—had worked in the life of Maurice Rollinat. He saw the terrible days of René Leclerc, Hugues Rebelle, and Paul Verlaine. Oscar Wilde, released from prison, was a ghost wandering the streets, seeking holes into which he could creep to drink. That delicate decadent Keats of a poet, Ernest Dowson, warned him by his unhappy life of the horrors that besiege the souls of those who live in Bohemia. And he chronicles his own vision of such wasted lives sacrificed on the altar of art in "To the Café Aux Phares de L'Ouest, Quartier Mont Parnasse":—

The painted ship in the paste-board sea  
Sails night and day.  
To-morrow it will be as far as it was yesterday.  
But underneath, in the café,  
The lusty crafts go down,  
And one by one, poor mad souls drown—  
While the painted ship in the paste-board sea  
Sails night and day.

But Peters himself could not escape from the spell of Bohemia. Before he died, he was so penniless that he was obliged to sell his books, including signed presentation copies, to the booksellers on the Quai d'Orsay. He had come on wintry days. At the very last, fortunately for him, Monsieur Jean Joseph Renaud, the famous swordsman, himself an author, with his wife, were able to minister to the dying poet. And then, as he wrote in his Epilogue to Ernest Dowson's curious little drama, "The Pierrot of the Minute":—

The garden darkened, and the people in it  
Cried, "He is dead—the *Pierrot* of the Minute."

Such was the price one man paid out of a great love for literature, to write one small volume of not impeccable verse.

BERNARD MUDDIMAN  
(Ottawa).



## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

**M**OST of us felt it very hard to have to assemble so soon after Christmas, and the House wore a chastened air on Monday afternoon. In the Lobby the position of the Unionists was discussed. Some Unionist newspapers pretend to lead public opinion, but they do nothing of the kind; they think they see which way the cat is jumping, go nap on that particular course, and try to frighten the cat by vehement cries in the direction they think it intended to take.

The alleged split is not in the Tory ranks in the House of Commons, but is being manufactured by journalists outside. The great bulk of the party were of opinion that the less said the better, and I could not discover the slightest sign of any disloyalty to Bonar Law.

Later on in the evening, the *Pall Mall*, whose editor has a keen nose for dramatic news, published a letter from "a very well informed correspondent," who said:—

Therefore if there is any attempt during the next few weeks to subject him [Bonar Law] to pressure of any kind, or to hustle him into any modification of his Ashton speech, it is absolutely certain that he will go.

Some people somewhat hastily said that this was a threat. It was nothing of the kind, and everybody felt that the least we could do was to refrain from embarrassing our leader in any way. The Tariff Reformers have certainly set an example in remaining quiet in circumstances of some provocation. Our duty is plain; every Unionist believes this to be the very worst Government that has ever occupied the Treasury bench, and, if we love our country, it is our bounden duty to get the Government out as soon as possible. The way to do it is to be absolutely loyal to our leader.

Asquith made a perfunctory speech on the allocation of time on report. Bonar Law produced figures showing how little real criticism the Bill has received. So many lines, so many clauses passed without any discussion whatever. Hugh Cecil made one of his delightfully philosophic speeches on the decadence of Parliament. Respect for the law is contingent on how laws are made, and the way laws were made nowadays would inevitably lead to a want of respect—indeed, we have evidence that this kind of feeling is growing already. John Redmond replied with other statistics, giving the number of columns in Hansard that were filled with the Home Rule debate, and a serio-comic calculation, of which he was evidently proud, that, if the words spoken were placed in a row, they would stretch from Bolton to Ashton-under-Lyne and back again. The choice of these two towns caused immediate mirth on the part of the Ministerialists.

Mike Thompson made an effective speech as secretary to the Ulster Unionists Committee; he has spent an immense amount of time in arranging the debate,

and was able to deal in detail with the various clauses and the ridiculous amount of time spent upon each. His figures and facts will be very useful when the Bill goes up to the Lords.

Some slight modifications made in the time-table were nothing to be grateful for.

James Hope moved that power should be taken to suspend the Irish Executive in time of war, but the Government would not listen to this measure of precaution, vital as it may be to our very existence as an Empire. Seely banged the patriotic drum, talked of the loyalty of Dublin Fusiliers in South Africa, and felt sure that there was no necessity for such a clause.

On Tuesday we continued James Hope's amendment. Handsome little Sir Reginald "Polly Carey" has not much Parliamentary style or experience, but he managed to give the Irish what schoolboys call "socks" with regard to the very grave question affecting the defence of the United Kingdom. What did the Committee of Imperial Defence think of it? Had it been submitted to or approved of by the naval or military advisers of the Crown? Seely had to admit it had not. What is the use of the Committee of Imperial Defence?

Willie Redmond next got up, and protested against the General's onslaught, which was more vigorous than I have time or space to describe here. The Speaker called Willie's speech ridiculous. Willie got very red and tearful, and quoted, as he always does, his thirty years' experience in the House. The Speaker relented and watered it down a bit. Several speeches have been ridiculous.

Arthur Markham made a strong protest against the Unionists ascribing disloyal and unworthy motives to the Radicals, and questioning their loyalty. From his point of view, it was a very good speech, and was listened to with interest.

James Craig got in one stabbing interjection. How can the honourable member complain when he and his friends consort—and here he pointed with his finger towards the Irish benches—with the enemies of England. Remove the grievance, and they will be loyal, said Markham.

It was a dull evening, in spite of the importance of the debate. Illingworth, as promised, entertained all the Scotch Liberals to dinner as a compensation for dragging them away from the delights of Hogmanay. As a matter of fact, not much time has been gained by this rigorous deduction from our Christmas holidays. The House was up before 11.

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## Indian Reviews

**T**HE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly), of September 25, criticises the revised regulations by which the Government have extended the franchise for the election of the additional members of the Legislative Council, and proposes its further extension forthwith. Both sides of the question should have been stated. The editor rightly contends that retired officials should not

be barred from candidature for election, as officials are. Signs of the recent awakening in agriculture, on the Bombay side, are said to be visible all over the country; nothing could be more desirable. The cause of social reform in India will be greatly benefited by Mr. Dadabhoi's Bill for affording greater protection to minor girls under sixteen and women generally, and for kindred purposes. The native members of the Legislature can render important services to the country by originating and supporting such measures. The appointment of a special officer to investigate the present state of the subordinate judiciary in the Madras Presidency was apparently much required. In the following issue of October 2, mention is made of an Indian Company formed to organise a steamer service to Europe and establish Indian hotels in Europe. The initial capital of fifty lakhs of rupees amounts only to £333,000, which will not go very far. It may be doubted whether Indian travellers are really inconvenienced in point of food and other comforts: the hotels are much better than any native accommodation in India, though they may charge higher prices. The directors of the company are all Indians. It will be interesting to hear some time hence how the project has developed. It does not sound promising. The currency question is too difficult for the editor to handle with any force. But it is not hard to make out a *prima facie* case of ill-treatment of India. The *Review* has always opposed a gold currency for India; other authorities strongly advocate it: a Commission recommended it long ago. A paper on the Koran is not original but is useful as summarising concisely the main points of Islam.

The *Collegian* (Calcutta), No. 2, for September, has a picture of the new Calcutta University buildings, costing over £50,000, for the new University Law College and the University Library. The Vice-Chancellor, Justice Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, has signalled his tenure of office by this and similar improvements. The Hindu University subscriptions have reached £67,000, but the minimum required is still far off. Until this University is an accomplished fact, Mrs. Annie Besant refrains from establishing a Theosophical College. She is surely right. Both schemes have high ambitions. Theosophy (whatever is meant) can wait; there is plenty of religious thought and speculation in India already. This periodical constantly has notices of many movements initiated, such as for advanced agriculture, scientific and technical instruction, arboriculture, female training, and other aspects of education; and it would be satisfactory to know how many of the high-aiming schemes take root and bear fruit; educational shams, like other shams, do more harm than good. The path of education is strewn with many wrecks and failures. The Mysore State, which always takes the lead, has devoted a special grant to primary education. The literary papers in this journal, as usual, afford substantial instruction. Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield on the conclusion of the great dictionary will be new to many Indian readers: it is one of the severest, most scathing, writings in the language.

In the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly), six num-

bers, from October 16 to November 27, 1912, education is the subject of several papers. The liberal-minded editor supports the grants-in-aid to the Eurasian domiciled community. Under technical education the difficulty has arisen that employers of labour prefer apprentices practically trained to the students instructed in the technical schools. Another writer advocates manual work alternating with lessons in the elementary schools. The whole question of education is noticed in a review of a handbook which is strongly recommended to the departmental inspectors. The Madras University Convocation address affords an opportunity for discussing the object of all education, the development of character rather than the accumulation of knowledge. The dramatic method of teaching has also its advocates. Mysore again leads the way in free and compulsory education.

The Indian youth has no lack of advice and encouragement. A writer opposed to the teaching of religion in the schools urges that Indian students are not deficient in religion and morality, as compared with the students of other countries. The real defect is that so few of them pursue their studies far enough to become scholars. The discussion of social and literary topics continues at local Parishads, which betokens a desire for progress, but such conferences seldom produce fruit immediately, though good seed may slowly mature. More benefit is likely to result from Mr. Dadabhoi's Bill to make further provision for the protection of women and girls, which appears to be a bona-fide attempt in social legislation. The Bill deals with unpleasant subjects, and the Government has to walk very warily if improvements are to be effected without arousing general opposition. Some time must elapse before opinions on the measure can be collected and considered, but some legislation in the direction indicated is desirable, indeed necessary, and the more thorough the better.

The recent financial disclosures at the India Office, which have jeopardised a certain seat in Parliament, are made an occasion for an attack on the Council of India, which Indian politicians always aim at abolishing, for the very reason that it should be maintained—namely, that the Councillors have knowledge of India. This paper's criticisms of the financial questions only repeat the familiar and obvious points. The National Indian Congress and the politicians want no rulers but ignorant Radicals, who would give up India without a pang. It is unfortunate that the editor's advice to the Viceroy not to have an elephant ride in the programme of his entry to Delhi was not heeded. The progress of agriculture shows promise, and should be assured if the sound views published receive attention. Several articles regarding ancient rulers of Southern India afford materials for history, but the number of long names is enough to repel students. It is satisfactory to read the advice offered by leading Indians to the Indian students in England, to cultivate particularly the acquaintance of Englishmen who had been in India, because they were their best friends. They might have discovered this for



themselves long ago, but for their prejudices and political promptings.

The fortnightly *Collegian* (Calcutta) for October and November has added to its title the words, "Progress of India," and proposes to include the labours of workers in fields of original research in various departments. Apart from this intimation, no new departure would have been noticeable. The Educational Map of India is bewildering; the list of colleges exceeds a hundred in number, and other colleges are contemplated. The small Baroda State has 373 libraries and reading-rooms. The new School of Tropical Medicine in Calcutta should have a great future if properly worked. The new projected Hindu and Moslem Universities make slow progress towards realisation. The interminable questions, such as the demand for religious education, the future of the universities, the teaching of science, the passions, the drama, the pedagogy of the Hindus, mathematics, the vernaculars in education, chemistry, rural education, research, examinations, are discussed in many papers. It is always terrible to think of the number of students turned out from Indian educational institutions, for whom no employment can be forthcoming: one Poona college had 825 students last year. In a convocation speech, at Allahabad University, Sir James Meston, as Chancellor, declared his educational policy, and enunciated some educational principles which ought to be remembered. The wide range of this journal in its comments on education abroad should give new ideas to the department. It is a comprehensive repository of facts and progress.

The *Baroda Library Miscellany*, for August, is the first number of a journal devoted to the advancement of the Library movement. It opens with a statement of the Library situation in Baroda by Mr. Borden, an American, the Director of State Libraries, and of the Gaekwar's intentions regarding public libraries generally. An inaugural address on the Baroda Library Club, the Governor of Bombay's speech on libraries and books, and a collection of notes and comments, exhaust the somewhat trite subject. Mr. Carnegie's example has found an imitator in the Gaekwar.

The *Hindustan Review* for October-November continues its papers on Lord Islington's Public Service Commission about to begin its work in India, but it goes no further than the ancient history of the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 and the last Commission of twenty-five years ago. Much the same question is treated in "Morality versus Policy," and with the same partisan views. The work of Raja Rammohan Roy, the first Hindu reformer, who died in England in 1833, is inadequately known to the present generation, but is here summarized, so that anyone can appreciate his labours and achievements. The defence of "Woman in the West" by an Indian against the unfavourable comparison with Indian women drawn by a previous writer is too brief; the writer might have made more of his subject; but the Indian's knowledge of ladies outside of India cannot be wide or thorough. The prospects of Hinduism in the West are, as might be expected,

favourably depicted; the author concludes that it will be our own mistake if we do not make India the teacher of the West, as it has already been of the East. Others have tried to belaud Hinduism in England, but without success. The Literary Supplement in this number has an interesting memoir of Andrew Lang and his work, whose place it will be difficult to fill, as personal knowledge can testify. Some Recent Episodes reproduce the discussions about Indians in South Africa, and the Immigrants Restriction Bill, without helping to a solution of the controversy.

In all these journals the grim seriousness of the Oriental writers, and the entire absence of humour, make them heavy reading.

## Some Famous Quacks

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A.

ALTHOUGH we have the authority of Murray's Dictionary for defining the word "Quack" as applicable to any ignorant pretender to skill who offers wonderful medicinal remedies, it would be unfair to a great profession to lay it down as an axiom that unusual devices for the allaying of human ills of the flesh necessarily partake of the character of quack medicines. People are apt to regard anything novel, in this direction, as appertaining to charlatanism, and the distrust with which Jenner's great discovery was first regarded, a distrust still prevailing in some quarters, should be sufficient to give pause to those who might doubt the efficacy of a remedy simply because it had the appearance of something strange. At the same time quackery has been rampant from early days. Butler in his "Hudibras," speaks of "virtuosi" who—

Seek out for plants with signatures  
To quack of universal cures,

and Sir Roger L'Estrange refers to the "quacks, jugglers, and plagiaries" of his day; while Browne and Barton are also quoted by Johnson to illustrate the meaning of the word. The appellation of quack came, according to Dr. Parr, from the German quacksallier, or quicksilver, because this class of man made free use of this dangerous remedy. The quack, in old days, made known his pretensions in public places with much vociferance, and thus to quack, or talk loudly and foolishly, became an appropriate term for this class of practitioner.

The eighteenth century was the heyday of quacks in this country. Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke were among those who did not live to repent of their credulity in this respect, and it is said that Lord Gardenstone took the trouble to make out a list of those who had undergone so-called marvellous cures of the quack order, and found that over two-thirds of their number had succumbed after being cured! But it remained for the wit of Foote to parody the methods of these empirics and to imitate their actual language.

"Jaundice," he writes, "proceeds from many myriads of little flies, of a yellow colour, which fly about the system; now to cure this, I make the patient take a certain quantity of the ova, or eggs, of spiders. These eggs, when taken into the stomach, by the warmth of that organ, vivify; and being vivified, of course, they immediately proceed to catch the flies; thus the disease is cured, and I then send the patient down to the seaside to wash all the cobwebs out of the system."

A notable quack was Sir John Hill, whom Fielding once described as a "paltry dunghill," and who was pilloried by Smart in a poem called "The Hilliad." In fact, all the wits of the time had their fling at a man who pushed and bullied himself into affluence and a knighthood. Hill was a man of undoubted parts. He edited a scurrilous newspaper, "The Inspector," sold quack drugs, and wrote books and plays. Garrick's lines on him are well known:—

For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is—  
His farce is a physic, his physic a farce is.

Another enemy produced the following:—

The worst that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes  
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes,

which gave rise to a still bitterer effort:—

No! let the order be reversed,  
Or else unlashd his crimes;  
For if he takes his physic first  
He'll never read his rhymes.

As the Royal Society refused to admit him as a member, he retorted by "A Review of the Works of the Royal Society," 1751, in which he attempted to place that body and their transactions in a ludicrous light. But there is no doubt that had he been content to rest his fame on his many, and often valuable, contributions to natural history and cognate subjects, his name, notwithstanding his peculiar temper and offensive manners, would have come down with a better odour than it can now be said to have done. At one time Hill must have made large sums of money, for he had a house in St. James's Street and a country place at Bayswater, and as he affirmed that he had discovered a universal panacea for gout in his "Tincture of Bardana," one can well suppose that at a period when that particular disease was rampant, his patients were numerous.

Dr. Rock was another notorious quack of this period, and in the ingenuity of his advertising seems to have been a past master and to have out-distanced most of his contemporaries. Here is one example of his methods: One day he was addressing a mob in the Strand, when he observed the carriage of Sir Edward Hulse, physician to George III, and who had been a fellow student with him. He immediately took a number of pill boxes and phials, and giving them to Hulse's footman, called out so that all might hear: "Give my compliments to Sir Edward, and tell him these are all I have with me, but I will send him ten dozen more to-morrow." Taken aback by this effrontery, Hulse re-

ceived the medicines into his carriage and drove away, whereupon the crowd cried out: "See, see, all the doctors, even the King's, buy their medicines from him."

On one occasion a gentleman in a coffee house on Ludgate Hill was expressing his surprise to a friend that a certain physician of great abilities had but a small practice, while Rock was rapidly making his fortune. The quack happened to be close at hand and overheard the remark. "Oh," said he, "I am Rôck, and will soon explain the matter to you. How many wise men, think you, are in the multitude that pass along this street?" "About one in twenty," replied the gentleman. "Well, then," said Rock, "the nineteen come to me when they are sick, and the physician is welcome to the twentieth."

A certain Dr. Matthews was another empiric of the school of Rock. He was wont to assure the public that he had completely cured eighty thousand persons by the aid of a wonderful elixir of his invention. Of yet another it is said that the cost of his daily advertisements in the newspapers amounted to over two thousand a year; while all the tribe took care to herald their comings and goings and to leave no stone unturned which might prove useful as a *réclame*. One Dr. Gardiner, who resided in Long Acre, even caused the front of his house to be entirely covered with handbills recording the marvellous cures he had effected, and he undertook to cure rheumatism and gout, under a penalty of £600.

A man of a rather superior class to Gardiner, but yet a quack, was Dr. De Marmaduke, who lived in an opulent way, in Bloomsbury Square. His *clientèle* was drawn from the higher grades of society, and at his conversaziones might have been seen hysterical ladies, old and young, and even men being subjected to the doctor's hypnotic powers, until, as Angelo records, "they grinned, or sobbed, or stared, or languished as though they were possessed—and so indeed they were—with that capricious demon Fashion, who makes fools of too many of the great, without respect to age or sex." But perhaps the most notorious of the fashionable quacks was Dr. Graham, who drew thousands to his Temple of Health, first at Adelphi Terrace, where Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, used to pose as the Goddess of Health, and Mrs. Curtis, the unsatisfactory sister of Mrs. Siddons, was engaged to read the doctor's lectures. Later Graham migrated to Schomberg House, Pall Mall. He decorated the place in a lavish style and ornamented the front with a statue of Hygeia and other emblematic advertisements. Here he had his "Celestial Bed" and other "properties." He charged two guineas a head entrance, and all fashionable London flocked to the place. Among those who had visited him in the Adelphi was Horace Walpole, who went there on August 23, 1780, and records that "it is the most impudent puppet show of imposition I ever saw, and the mountebank himself the dullest of his profession." At Schomberg House, Emma Lyon's part was undertaken by a beautiful woman named Prescott, and it is only natural to suppose that the presence here and at the



Adelphi of two such lovely creatures drew as many people as did the fame of Graham's peculiar methods of healing. Some of the doctor's advertisements make curious reading, and it is evident that the man who could draw up such a farrago of trash must have had "a screw loose," as the saying is. This, indeed, was proved later; for, after his career in London and a subsequent tour in the provinces, he turned his attention in another direction, and became a religious enthusiast, took to opium, and was finally confined in his house in Edinburgh as a certified lunatic. In that city he died suddenly on June 23, 1794.

Other names of quack doctors will occur to the reader: Dr. Doner, famous for his opium powders; Dr. James, of antimonial powder fame; Dr. Dominicetti, "the Stewing Doctor," as he was called, on account of his aromatic bath cure; Dr. Bossy, who dispensed his medicines on a stage in Covent Garden; and the rest. Once only, I suppose, has a medical advertisement appeared on a tombstone. In St. Saviour's, Southwark, is an effigy of Dr. Lockyer, who died in 1672, and behind it may be read these lines:—

Here Lockyer lies interr'd, enough; his name  
Speaks one hath few competitors in fame;  
A name so great, so gen'ral it may scorn  
Inscriptions which do vulgar tombs adorn.  
A diminution 'tis to write in verse  
His eulogies, which most men's mouths rehearse.  
His virtues and his pills are so well known,  
That envy can't confine them under stone;  
But they'll survive his dust, and not expire,  
Till all things else at th' "universal fire."  
This verse is lost, his pills embalm him safe  
To future times, without an epitaph.

## Notes and News

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish a new novel entitled "The Fresh Air," by a new author, Harry Temple; a posthumous novel, "Incomparable Joan," by Alice M. Diehl; and a new novel entitled "A Spark on Steel," by E. Scott Gillies.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons announce the publication, early in the New Year, of a book on the war in the Balkans, by Major Lionel James, the *Times* correspondent, author of "On the Heels of De Wet." The book will be entitled "With the Conquering Turk: the Story of a Latter-Day Adventurer," and will give an account, not only of the fighting as seen from the Turkish side, but of his own personal adventures. It will be fully illustrated, and published at 2s. net.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black will in future publish the following medical books which were formerly issued by Mr. James Currie, Edinburgh:—"Handbook of Medical Treatment," a guide to therapeutics for students and practitioners, with an appendix on diet, by James Burnet, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P.E.; "Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, and Public Health," by W. G. Aitchison Robertson, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.P.E.,

F.R.S.E. (second edition, with 39 illustrations); "The Pocket Clinical Guide" and "The Pocket Prescriber," by James Burnet (third edition).

Statistics showing the number of works by British composers brought forward at the concerts of the Queen Hall Orchestra, under the conductorship of Sir Henry J. Wood, during the past year, should serve to dispel the idea that the interests of native music are neglected by this organisation. The sum total of compositions by British musicians given between January 1 and December 31, 1912, is 64. These figures do not include second or third performances of works given at the same series; but they do include repetitions of works that have been transferred from the Promenade to the Symphony, or Sunday Concert Society's gatherings. Subdividing this total, 41 native compositions were played at the Promenade concerts, 18 at the Sunday concerts, and 5 at the Symphony concerts.

The monthly meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society was held on Wednesday evening, December 18, at the Surveyors' Institution, Westminster. Dr. H. N. Dickson, president, in the chair. Prof. H. Bassett read a paper on the "Probable Utility of Salinity Observations in the Irish Sea for Long-Date Weather Forecasting," describing the result of a series of observations which he has carried out. He has found that the salinity changes and the time of their occurrence precede certain seasonal types of weather, and is therefore of opinion that, if monthly observations of the salinities were made at certain stations on the line of the Calf of Man—Holyhead, these would enable forecasts of the general character of the weather over the British Isles and a considerable part of Europe to be given four or five months ahead. Mr. J. E. Clark read a paper on "Air Currents at a Height of Fifty Miles, as Indicated by the Bolide, on February 22, 1909." This meteor, whose brightness was at least four times that of Venus, was seen at 7.36 p.m. at a height of 56 miles, and it left a remarkably bright streak in the sky which was watched by observers in the southern counties for the long period of 104 minutes. A paper on a "New Form of Standard Barometer," by Mr. C. Anthony, M.Inst.C.E., was also read.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

### THE PLIGHT OF CHINA

THE situation in the Far East, to which attention was drawn at length in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY, has since developed a phase which bears out in a striking manner the predictions we then made. All reports emanating from Peking agree that a financial crisis of unprecedented gravity is imminent. That circumstance is in itself sufficiently alarming; but it is only when we realise that China's dilemma is being deliberately exploited by certain Powers that we are able to form any approximate estimate of the dangerous potentialities of the situation. It is not at all improbable that the policy designed by Sir Edward Grey to uphold the solvency of the Republic may, in consequence of the intrigues of other nations, produce the unlooked-for

effect of bringing about its financial downfall. The announcement that the arrears on account of the Boxer indemnity instalments, which should have been paid on January 1, cannot be met at the present moment will cause no surprise to those who have followed closely the sequence of recent events in China. Indeed, the circumstance is the logical outcome of the initiative displayed by Russia and Japan some time ago in insisting upon participation in Peking finance. Until then the Four-Power Consortium had little, if any, political colouring; but from the moment that the two Far Eastern Powers obtruded their presence, diplomatic requirements became the condition precedent to financial aid.

With their far-reaching political aims still unsatisfied, and seeing no immediate possibility of realising them, Russia and Japan, in perfect understanding, sought the only available means of furthering their designs by clutching tightly the purse strings of the Chinese Government. At the present moment Japan is, so far as outward appearances count for anything, absorbed in her own domestic tribulations; but such an obsession in no way ties her hands when the time arrives for action. We may, therefore, safely assume that the policy of Russia has the approval and support of her partner. This policy would seem to be aimed deliberately at driving China into bankruptcy, and the method to be employed to attain that end is the method of foreclosure. Dispatches from well-informed quarters state that, in order to recoup herself for any loss occasioned by China's failure to meet instalment obligations on account of the Boxer indemnity, Russia may consider it necessary to appropriate a portion of the Manchurian revenues. It requires no effort of imagination to gauge the disastrous consequences that would attend so ruthless an action.

Firm and sincere as is the friendship existing between this country and Russia, we are convinced that no sane Englishman will endorse either the principle of a bankrupt China or the isolated circumstance of individual pressure being brought to bear upon the harassed Government in Peking, in order to force them to meet their indemnity instalment from sources never contemplated in the Peking Protocol of 1900. To admit the alleged claim of Russia to help herself to Chinese revenues is to advance the political expediency, to say nothing of the ethical justification, of a disintegrated China. And yet we are informed that the St. Petersburg Government, as in the case of the Manchurian railway veto of 1910, enjoys the full support of her ally, France.

It remains to be seen what attitude will be adopted on this occasion by Great Britain. Recognising his obligations, not only as the responsible Minister of one of the foremost of the civilised States, but also as the custodian of the vast interests held by the British people in China, Sir Edward Grey, time and time again, has declared his desire to see maintained Chinese integrity, and, therefore, Chinese credit.

Nevertheless, the horizon of a British Foreign Minister is not bounded by Throgmorton Street and the waters of Pechili; and the welfare of the Empire as a whole and the interests of world peace may necessitate, however regrettably, his association with a policy of political cynicism.

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## MOTORING

THE present strike of the London taxicab drivers, due solely to the greatly increased price they are called upon to pay for petrol, will have the effect of still further concentrating public attention upon the urgent necessity of dealing in some way with the position created by the monopolists who control the supply and fix the price of motor spirit. So long as the private motorist was the only victim of the "ring's" rapacity, the general public was not immediately concerned; but it is another matter if the public transport services are to be seriously dislocated, and it would not be surprising if the intervention of Government were urgently demanded. The attitude of the petrol "ring" is clearly defined, and, from one point of view, is perfectly defensible. Its leaders are out to make money, and as much of it as they can. As Sir Marcus Samuel candidly remarked, "It is quite true that the Shell Company does make large profits, and it is entitled to do so. It is no use mincing matters. The price of an article is exactly what it will fetch." This is precisely so. We live under a competitive commercial system, and the possessor of a commodity is justified in getting the highest price obtainable for it. But it is the function of a Government to protect its industries, and this is assuredly a case in which it can be reasonably called upon to exercise its powers in that direction.

All reasonable motorists will welcome the indications we have had recently of a determination on the part of the London magistrates to adopt much more stringent measures in dealing with reckless motor-drivers, and particularly with those whose recklessness is traceable to alcoholic excess. In view of the gravity of the offence, the marvel is that hitherto the reckless and drunken driver should have been treated with such leniency, and allowed to escape with a paltry fine and a temporary licence endorsement. Imprisonment without the option of a fine, and permanent disqualification from the holding of a driving licence, may be a drastic punishment for the drunken driver, but it seems to be the only one which meets the case, and one notes with satisfaction that the London stipendiaries, at any rate, are gradually arriving at this conclusion.

In the provinces things are not so satisfactory, and too much latitude is sometimes given to the authorities in the exercise of their discretionary powers. In a case at Blackpool recently, a driver was convicted of dangerous driving, whereby a woman was run over



and killed, and, although he had had a number of previous convictions for recklessness, it was considered that a fine of £10 and a withdrawal of the licence for two years was adequate punishment. In reply to a question in the House of Commons, the other day, the Under-Secretary for the Home Office stated that he regarded the penalty as "altogether inadequate," and regretted that, owing to the lapse of time, he could not see his way to instruct the Public Prosecutor to proceed against the man for manslaughter. He has, however, issued a circular calling the attention of justices to the importance of imposing an adequate punishment for such a serious offence as dangerous motor-car driving, and his statement to this effect was received with marks of approval from all parts of the House. We have, however, a recollection of a similar circular having been issued on a previous occasion, and it does not seem to have had the desired effect. The simpler and more effective course would be to curtail the discretion of the authorities by the issue from the Home Office of specific instructions on the subject. In matters where the public safety is directly involved, such a step would, in the opinion of most people, be quite justifiable.

While the excellence of the modern British motor-car is now universally acknowledged on the Continent, it is not usual for the Americans to go out of their way to praise the productions of our manufacturers. It is both interesting and noteworthy, therefore, to find an authoritative American writer, Mr. Rollin E. Smith, instituting a comparison between British and American practice in motor-car construction, and drawing a conclusion favourable to the former. In an article recently contributed to the *Commercial West*, and quoted in other influential American journals, Mr. Smith gives his experiences of mountain-climbing in British Columbia with a 20-h.p. English car—the Vauxhall—and states that, "although equipped with an engine such as an American manufacturer would only regard as fit for a light run-about, the performance was fully equal to that of the average (American) 40-h.p. car." Coming from a Transatlantic motorist, this is a gratifying testimony to the superior efficiency of the British small engine.

R. B. H.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE year has opened in depressing style. We have an attack of the nerves. No one can boldly say outright, "I don't buy anything because I am sure that a war will break out in the spring," but almost everyone has such a thought at the back of his head. These vast armaments which are being added to each

month, the extraordinary caution of the great bankers, the uneasy words of the politicians, all point to nerves. The trouble may pass—probably will. But in the meantime the Stock Exchange is idle. There is no account open. The few "bulls" that existed have either closed their stock or pawned it with the banks. There are many markets in which an actual "bear" account exists. Therefore the technical position is sound. All we lack is courage.

But I am no braver than the rest. I, like the broker and the jobber, feel something in the air. Therefore I am disinclined to say "buy." Yet there are many tempting bargains, especially in the Home Railway market. The promoter is strangely silent. Messrs. Erlangers proffered a tiny loan guaranteed by the Chilean Government. Such a guarantee for only £100,000 makes one suspicious of the credit of Chile. No great State should thus scatter guarantees. Whilst discussing Erlangers' loan I must protest strongly against the New Transvaal Chemical report having been allowed to leak out. This company has paid 25 per cent. for the past seven years. In January last year it asked the public to subscribe for £150,000 Preference shares, and promised largely increased profits and dividends. The profit has fallen and the dividend cut from 25 to 18 per cent. To make matters worse those inside have been selling big lines for some time past.

We have suffered another scandal during the past week. Mr. McKnight, a shareholder in the Pan de Azucar Nitrate, has extracted from the secretary the statement that although the board knew in August last that the value of their ground had doubled they did not tell the shareholders the news until November. In the meantime someone who knew as much as the board had purchased a large block of shares. The price, which was very low, has now risen; poor shareholders had been scared into selling at the bottom and the knowing ones bought. The steady leakage of information that goes on in the City is a scandal that shareholders should stop. Some sort of Protection Committee should be formed to punish boards that are careless in this respect. I say careless because both in the case of the New Transvaal and the Pan de Azucar I cannot believe that the leakage of important information came from the board. Some employee was indiscreet—that is the most charitable view to take. But the scandal and disgrace are there all the same.

MONEY was genuinely scarce at the end of the year. The banks have now, however, ended their window-dressing and we should get somewhat easier terms. But till the Balkan war is over we must not expect very cheap money. Paris is getting ready for the big Credit Foncier Loan on the 9th, and every effort will be made to secure success. Then Italy will try and float her loan and Brazil and the Argentine will also ask for money. Tasmania asks for £1,300,000. New Zealand still hankers after two millions, which, up to the present, she does not look like getting. There are big Canadian loans talked about, and though first-class issues only have a temporary effect upon money they do affect the position.

FOREIGNERS are kept steady by the great foreign banks who hold large blocks and wish a good market when the inevitable new loans have to be made. As no French investor sells readily, the banks have an easy task. Japan is said to be getting ready a new scheme for raising the wind. If she tries to make a hard market then I should advise holders to get out. They will not get many more such opportunities. The speculator in both Tintos and Perus is recovering his nerve. The one likes the appearance of the copper market, the other the speech of the chairman, which seemed to promise a reorganisation of capital.

HOME RAILS.—The year has ended and in a few weeks

we shall know exactly how we stand. Almost all the railways show splendid increases, but the public is disinclined to invest in English securities, and not even five per cent. will tempt them, though they readily buy outlandish foreigners, about which they know nothing, that yield no bigger income. The craze will die down, and then we shall see that, badly managed as some of our railways are, they are still sound. Perhaps some day a great organiser will come along and take in hand all our southern lines—South Eastern and Chatham, London, Brighton, and London and South Western. Even moderately incapable management such as we get on the northern roads would double the dividends of these railways.

**YANKEES.**—It is curious that when any money pressure is apparent in New York the political scare grows. We now hear every day of fresh attacks that are to be made upon railroads and corporations, and markets seem depressed. But when money gets cheap all will be forgotten—the persecutor will take a back seat, the Supreme Court will withhold its decisions, and all will be happy. The United States suffers much more from nerves than Great Britain. Unions will soar as soon as there is enough money free for speculation. But huge gambles mean huge blocks of cash, and that New York has not got to-day. The Money Trust that has so excited the wrath of the newspaper man—and no one else—is a mere figment of the brain. Neither Pierpont Morgan nor Jacob Schiff controls the money of the United States. They are the conduit pipes through which the money passes. That is all. The trade of the world is alone responsible for the movements of money. Morgans may initiate speculation in the United States when they release funds which have been either lent to Germany or locked up in cotton bills or wheat. But they do not rule the world's trade, though the vain American would gladly think so.

**RUBBER.**—The price of raw rubber is hard. Nevertheless I do not see any reason why investors should purchase rubber shares. The dividends for 1913 all look pretty safe, but the present quotations have discounted this. Amatongaland, one of those quite hopeless Vine propositions floated at the tail end of the boom, and exceeding in foolishness most of the Vine ventures, has now decided to reorganise. I suggest that the money already sunk should be written off. No one should put another penny into the concern.

**OIL.**—Eastern Petroleum wants more money to exploit more companies. I suggest that it should make its various subsidiaries profitable first. The fact is oil in Egypt has not been proved a success. It may eventually turn out all right, but we have no proof of it. The Shell are building a refinery, and that is all one can say. The Oil Trust is to be examined and reported upon by a committee. These committees assuage the irritation of the poor shareholder, but they do no more good. The Oil Trust may be written down as a failure. Anglo-Maikop report tells of a dividend—a rare thing with a Maikop company. Mr. Tweedy declares himself very confident. But I notice that he is changing most of his directors. Anglo-Maikop appears to me a share to be sold.

**MINES.**—Amalgamated Props. report can hardly fill us with much enthusiasm. The land has been revalued. This is a splendid way to grow rich. But such wealth can hardly be distributed without danger. There are few reports out worth speaking of—only the companies that are in desperate straits hold their meetings and issue reports at the end of the year. The law compels a meeting each year, and it is put off to the last moment by the terrified directors. It is a safe rule to avoid companies who do not send out reports till Christmas.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The market in National Telephones is slack and drooping—we all await the result of the decision. Darracqs are also flat, as holders are trying to get

out. The Cordoba Central report was bad, and this pleases the Farquhar crowd, who have been reproached with having paid too little for the railways. They can now point to the reduced profits.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—With reference to the notice of Mr. Rawson's book, printed in your issue of 21st inst., will you permit me to say that Mr. Rawson is not a member of the Christian Science movement, and that his book simply represents his own ideas, to which no member of the movement would assent for a moment?

Yours truly,

FREDERICK DIXON.

December 23, 1912.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—I don't think any of your other readers are likely to be in the state of confusion as to what I mean in which Mr. Dixon seems to be: he is, I am sure, alone in believing (1) that I admit the excellence of his reasons for not producing the evidence which he thinks he possesses, and (2) that I claim to know what he thinks about the intellectual condition of himself and his co-religionists. In my opinion, there can, of course, be only one valid reason for not producing the evidence—namely, that it does not exist. If we believed in its existence, on what moral level should we place a man who, possessing it, refused to produce it? Mr. Dixon says: "I have evidence of such a sort as to carry conviction to educated men, showing that diseases from which thousands of people are suffering can be cured by a system of treatment, beneficial physically and morally, and within the reach of everybody; but—I refuse to produce it." One can hardly imagine anybody, except a Christian Scientist, putting his name to such a declaration as that.

The question of whether there is any such evidence is, I suppose, pretty well settled by now. If anybody ever had any doubts on the subject, these letters of Mr. Dixon's will, I think, suffice to lay all doubts at rest. The more interesting question seems to me to be: What is the temperamental bias which enables people to hold these extraordinary beliefs? Christian Scientists are essentially Anarchists. Their tendency is not merely to exaggerate the right of individual judgment to such a degree as to deny the validity of any authority in matters religious, scientific, and social, but even to ignore the possibility of there being any such thing as authority. Mr. Dixon's curious idea about the ability and right of any individual to be the sole judge of his own mental processes is merely one of the many symptoms of this tendency which have struck all non-Christian Scientist students of Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy, knowing neither Hebrew, nor Greek, nor English, having, as far as the world knows, never spoken to an educated man (with the possible exception of Mr. Dixon) in the whole course of her life, undertook to interpret Scriptural terms and passages from the Old and the New Testaments, and no Christian Scientist can see any incongruity in the proceeding. (Anybody who wishes to gain an insight into the Christian Science mind should make a point of consulting the glossary of Scriptural terms included in Mrs. Eddy's writings.) Mr. Dixon follows in his leader's footsteps.



In his first letter—the letter with which he began this correspondence—he told us that he became a Christian Scientist as the result of having studied certain evidence, and he took it for granted that most of the Christian Scientists had gone through the same process. Regarding his own conversion, he evidently does not yet see that he is not a competent witness; regarding the conversion of other people, it does not seem to have occurred to him to find out before committing himself whether anybody of any experience in his own community agreed with him. If it had, he would probably have been informed that the vast majority take up Christian Science not in consequence of having examined any evidence, but in hopes—too frequently vain—of being cured of some disease. When Mr. Dixon put forward the absurd idea about “most other people,” it was, as usual, a case of “I imagine,” and whatever Christian Scientists choose to imagine ranks in their eyes considerably above the Law and the Prophets. It is, I think, in this glorification of the imaginings and fancies and whims of the individual that one finds the clue to an otherwise insoluble problem.

Many of your readers have probably been asking themselves what in the world Mr. Dixon can have meant concerning the power of Christian Science to overcome “in-harmony of whatever description.” He cannot have meant that the sufferer from tuberculosis can be provided with a sound pair of lungs, or the dipsomaniac with a sound heart. If such things were possible, there would be some evidence of it, and (*pace* Mr. Dixon) such evidence, if it existed, would be produced without delay. How can any man who has watched the effects of Christian Science treatment, who has seen the increasingly numerous cases in which Christian Science has—as far as can be judged—produced no change in the physical condition of the people concerned, hold this fantastic belief about the overcoming of inharmony? The explanation is, I think, that, when Mr. Dixon talks about inharmony being overcome, he is concerned, not with the physical condition of the patients, not with their value as members of society, not with their ability to do good work and to have healthy children, but simply and solely with the view which they take of their own condition. Of the good which Christian Science has, in certain cases, done in this direction, he has, of course, abundant evidence: so has everybody else who has studied the subject. A man comes into Christian Science suffering from an incurable disease: Christian Science works no more change in his physical condition than any other curative system could; but if he can hypnotise himself, or be hypnotised by others, into the belief that he is on the road to recovery, the result is clear gain to himself and his friends, and in the eyes of people to whom the be-all and end-all of life is, not that a man should be healthy and efficient, but that he should be happy, inharmony has been overcome. If his trouble is of such a sort that alleviation can come from the exercise of his own or other people's will-power, the good done by Christian Science is even more apparent: the combination of hypnotism and religion can show results which nothing else can. On the other hand, in cases where the essential thing is, not that the patient should take some particular view of his own condition, but that some definite physical change of condition should take place, Christian Science probably does far more harm than good, and if ever Christian Scientists summon up enough courage to undertake the treatment of broken legs and fractured skulls, they will probably do a good deal more harm than they do now.

It is, I think, this strange inability to distinguish between a patient's belief and his physical condition, an inability itself arising from the tendency to exaggerate the importance of the individual and his feelings, which leads Mr. Dixon and other Christian Scientists to appeal as they so frequently do to the record of healings in the New Testament. If we were told that the man sick of the palsy continued to lie in bed, while assuring himself

and his friends that he was cured, or if the blind man's friends had been willing to take his word for his ability to see without asking for any further proof of it, the parallel would be closer than it is. In either case, people who happened to be built that way could have said: “In-harmony has been overcome.” If anybody who didn't happen to be built that way had asked them what evidence they had to go upon, they would have appealed to the “sense perceptions” of the patient; and if the doubter still doubted, they could have read aloud extracts from their literary notebooks, and so proved to their own entire satisfaction the correctness of their mental attitude.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

T. G. MARTIN.

London, December 29, 1912.

### “LOUIS XVII AND OTHER PAPERS.”

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The question of Naundorff and Louis XVII cannot be discussed adequately even in the space which is allotted to it in Mr. Treherne's volume, still less can it be fully examined in THE ACADEMY, which has so many other matters to deal with. I must therefore only glance at some of the points raised in Mr. Treherne's letter in your issue of December 21st. I have never disputed the fact that various more or less estimable people supported Naundorff's claims. Arthur Orton was supported for a long time by a peer of the realm and a Member of the House of Commons. Dr. Kenealy long believed that Orton was Tichborne, even as Jules Favre believed Naundorff to be Louis XVII. When, however, Mr. Treherne says that the Dutch Government accepted Naundorff as Louis XVII, I reply that this is a Naundorffist assertion. Let Mr. Treherne read the semi-official article which appeared in the *Telegraaf* of Amsterdam on April 14, 1911, and which expressly stated that neither the Dutch Government nor the Royal House had ever recognised Naundorff to be the son of Louis XVII. It is not true that Naundorff was accorded an official funeral in Holland. It is not true that the Dutch Government authorised the inscription on Naundorff's tomb. It tolerated it, which is different. Among Naundorff's supporters Mr. Treherne mentions Morel de Saint Didier, who was simply named Morel, had no right to the name of Saint Didier, and was only a Count of Naundorff's creation. He became involved in many shady financial affairs, and died in 1855 while proceedings for fraudulent bankruptcy were hanging over his head. There is no independent evidence of his alleged conversations with the Duchesse d'Angoulême. As for the information he claimed to have had from his mother, she knew very little, for she never held any appointment at the French Court. With respect to the so-called support of that royal bigamist, the Duke de Berri, where are the letters which Naundorff asserted he had received from him? Why have they never been made public or seen by anybody? What the Duke's son, the Comte de Chambord, thought of Naundorff's pretensions and the advocacy of Jules Favre, is set down in the Count's *journal intime*. Favre himself was not spotless. Everybody knows how he endeavoured, by false declarations, to turn his illegitimate children into legitimate ones, as he himself confessed with tears at the tribune of the National Assembly. Yet it is quite likely that he was as honestly convinced of Naundorff's *bona fides* as, for instance, the Percevals were. Many people honestly believed in Orton, Perkin Warbeck, Lambert Simnel and other impostors, but all that proved nothing.

What Mr. Treherne contemptuously calls “the suppositions of modern journalists” are often the fruit of great research on the part of historical writers of a much higher standing than can be claimed either by Mr. Treherne or

by your reviewer. Mr. Aulard, for instance, is the greatest living authority on the French Revolution, taking, indeed, higher rank than any of his predecessors. As for imagining him or many others (myself included) who have written against Naundorff's claim, to be Orleanists, the supposition is ridiculous.

But here I must stop, merely adding that I abide by the views which I expressed regarding the Naundorff pretensions in my notice of Mr. Treherne's book. If Mr. Treherne chooses to cling to his illusions that is his affair, not mine.

LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.

### FAILURES ALL!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Are you correct in describing Mr. Churchill's failure in every office he has filled as unique? Have not the other members and ex-members of the Government who obtained office and notoriety by their opposition to the Aliens Act been failures in the various offices they have filled? I refer to Colonel Seely, Lord Haldane, Viscount Gladstone, and Messrs. Lloyd-George, Birrell, Runciman, McKenna, Samuel, Norton, and Trevelyan. If Messrs. Hudson Kearley, Brynmor Jones, Stuart Samuel, Maurice Levy, Ivor Guest, C. E. Schwann, J. H. Dalziel, and other prominent opponents of the Act had been rewarded with offices in the Government, instead of with titles, I venture to say that they too would have been failures. Mr. Churchill has made more failures than any of his colleagues simply because he has filled more offices, and, therefore, been afforded more opportunities. When soliciting the votes of the Jews of N.W. Manchester the Rt. Hon. gentleman did not forget to remind them that it was he, Winston Churchill, who led the opposition to what he described as the "ridiculous and idiotic Act." In view of this, it would have been gross ingratitude on the part of the exotic contributors to the Radical party funds if they had failed to insist on the semi-American's services being rewarded with a greater number of offices than any other opponents of the Act.

It is not pleasant for an Englishman to reflect that if the foreigner should attempt to invade our country, the forces whose duty it will be to drive back the invader are controlled by Messrs. Churchill and Seely, the two most prominent opponents of the Act designed to stop the invasion of alien criminals, anarchists, and paupers. Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

18, Winchester Road, Swiss Cottage,  
Dec. 21, 1912. Hampstead, N.W.

### BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Professor Robert St. Hoar, in your issue of the 21st instant, asks how Shakespeare "can be stamped as a swindler without accusing Ben Jonson, George Peele, Robert Green, Drayton, Nash, Ned Alleyne, to say nothing of other contemporaries of the Stratford bard, of being accessory to Bacon's deceit?" Ben Jonson I will refer to hereafter, but as to the others named, or any other of Shakespeare's contemporaries, will your correspondent give one single instance of a reference—apart from the 1623 folio edition—by anyone which directly or indirectly connects the Stratford man with the authorship of the plays?

Dr. C. M. Ingleby, one of the most reliable and capable Shakespearean scholars which we have had, writes:—"The prose works published in the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries

contain abundant notices of every poet of distinction save Shakespeare, whose name and works one rarely and only slightly mentioned. . . . It is plain that the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of that age." Richard Grant White, Emerson, and others bear similar testimony. Shakespeare never claimed the works as his own; no one during his lifetime appears to have heard of him, or been aware of his existence. Why call these men swindlers when there is no evidence that they had even heard the name of the Stratford man mentioned? Ben Jonson would not require a bribe to write "the noble panegyric" prefixed to the 1623 folio. If Bacon had assumed as a *nom de plume* the name "William Shakespeare," and published in 1623 a volume of dramas, he would, after the custom of the time, cause verses as to the author to be written for it. There would surely be no more deceit in addressing the author as William Shakespeare than in speaking of George Eliot as the author of "Daniel Deronda," instead of Marion Evans. It is a significant fact that in this panegyric Jonson pronounced the works of Shakespeare as superior to "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth," and in the "Discoveries," in his panegyric on Bacon, he speaks of his having produced that which was to be preferred "either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

Will the Professor give us his authority for stating that, at the Windmill in St. George's Fields, Shakespeare, Marlow, Ben Jonson, Alleyne, Drayton, and Peele used to meet to smoke their pipes—and quaff their canary?

Will the Professor tell us where the letter he quotes *in extenso* from George Peele to Marlowe is to be found? In the life of George Peele prefixed to his works by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the letter is referred to in a footnote with this observation:—"Berkenhout (Biog. Lit., p. 404), who 'had no doubt of the authenticity' of this letter, was not aware that the date assigned to it was 1600, that Marlow died in 1593, and that Peele was dead in or before 1598." There is no mention of it in Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare." Where is the letter to be seen, or where is there any reliable evidence that such a letter was written by Peele?

It will be time enough for Baconians to "explain away this contemporary testimony" when it is proved that it exists.

WILLIAM SMEDLEY.

London, W. December 30, 1912.

### LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The idea of the above League is intensely interesting, and it is very certain that one formed for this cause, with Mr. Verschoyle's third object added to it, would have a tremendous following. Personally, I am one of those few remaining madmen who believe in Monarchy, and absolute at that.

At the beginning of the year 1913, Great Britain will be, to all intents and purposes, an absolute Monarchy again. The power of the House of Lords has been unscrupulously taken from it. The freedom of the Commons has been grossly abolished by the aid of the guillotine and by the bribery of £400 a year. There only remains the Throne between us and a political anarchy, and it is the duty of all those who have the welfare of the Empire at heart to show his gracious Majesty the King they are determined that the greatness of the Empire shall not be wantonly prostituted by a Government that will sell itself, like any miserable victim of the White Slave Traffic, for a few Irish votes, a few Welsh votes, a few Labour votes, in order that by the dismemberment of Empire, the robbery of



churches, the unjust taxation of capital, it may pay salaries to ministers and find jobs for adherents.

Such a League as you suggest would probably number thousands in a few days, and it is greatly to be hoped that it will be carried through.

I am, yours faithfully,

HAROLD WINTLE, F.R.G.S.

Royal South-Western Yacht Club,  
Plymouth.

### ROSSETTI'S TOMB.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On December 26 last (Boxing Day) I wended my way to the churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea for the purpose of visiting—for the third time in my life—the grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the famous painter and poet. On the two former occasions—in 1893 and 1899—I found the tomb in none too satisfactory a condition, and duly did I make complaints in the Press about it at the time, suggesting that there should be an iron railing placed round the grave, so as to protect the mound from being further trodden away by irreverent visitors. This suggestion, I am glad to say, has since been properly acted upon, but the monument itself, consisting of a large, finely designed cruciform, has gradually come to look so shabby and neglected that moss is even growing on parts of the stone monument. In the same churchyard an old and esteemed friend of mine, Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, lies buried, and his grave is in perfect condition. Let Rossetti's tomb be likewise!

Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.  
December 29, 1912.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Fantasy.* By Effie Heywood. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

*Idylls, East and West.* By Mrs. Elliot Money. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

*The White Slaves of London.* By W. N. Willis. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

*The Arm-Chair at the Inn.* By F. H. Smith. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

*"The Plums for Our Friends." How the Average Civil Servant is Kept Out of the Best Appointments.* By a Member of Parliament. (Printed by Huggins and Co. 1d.)

*The Tyranny of the Countryside.* By F. E. Green. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

*The Fighting Spirit of Japan, and Other Studies.* By E. Y. Harrison. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

*The Isles that Wait.* By a Lady Member of the Melanesian Mission. Illustrated. (The S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

### FICTION.

*Tales of the Oolite.* By James E. Crawshaw. Illustrated by the Author. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

*The Toll of the Tides.* By T. G. Roberts. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

*The Night of Temptation.* By Victoria Cross. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*Soldier and Aviator: A Tribute in the form of a Short Memoir of the Last Few Months of the Life and Career of Captain Patrick Hamilton of the Royal Flying Corps.* By his Sister, Ethel Hamilton. With Portrait and other Illustrations. (C. W. Daniel. 1s. net.)

*A Borrowed Plume of the "Daily News." The First Description of the Bulgarian Rising in 1876.* By Hugh O'Donnell. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 6d.)

*Sketches of the Life of Edward Jackson.* Edited by L. and K. Sykes. Illustrated. (The S.P.C.K. 3s. net.)

### VERSE.

*Helen of Troy, and Other Poems.* By Sara Teasdale. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.)

*The Venturers, and Other Poems.* By Vivian Locke Ellis. (21, York Buildings, Adelphi.)

*Thomas Pringle, his Life, Times, and Poems.* Edited by William Hay. With Portrait Frontispiece. (J. C. Juta and Co., Cape Town. 5s. net.)

*Pickaninnies.* By "Chanticleer." (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

*Judith, and Other Poems.* By H. L. (Printed for the Author by the Blackfriars Press.)

### PERIODICALS.

*St. Nicholas; Everyone's Story Magazine; Our Little Dots; The Child's Companion; The Cottager and Artisan; Friendly Greetings; The Sunday at Home; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper; Revue Bleue; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Scottish Historical Review; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Fortnightly Review; Cornhill Magazine; Publishers' Circular; Bookseller; British Review; The Autograph; Nineteenth Century and After; English Review; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.*

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